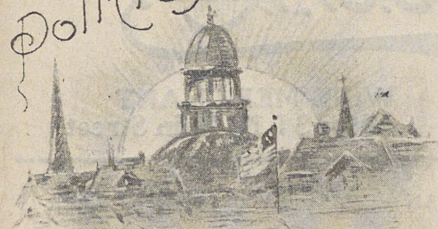


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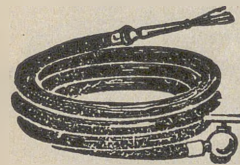
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Who's Who in Los Angeles

XXXV.



GEORGE H. STEWART

All "old-timers" know George Stewart and prize his sterling worth, for during the twenty years of his residence in Los Angeles he has always been a good citizen, prominent in all movements for the public weal. As an enterprising and substantial man of business, thoroughly conversant with various kinds of commerce, from banking to manufacturing, he has made his mark; as a man he has won the regard and affection of his fellows by his honest pur-

pose and kindly heart. This sounds rather like an obituary notice, but as a matter of fact, it is a song of Hymen, for last Saturday in Chicago, Mr. Stewart won a charming bride. This will be news even to his most intimate friends, since for many months George has guarded the precious secret with most zealous care. The bride was Mrs. Elizabeth D. Jenkins of Nebraska, and the happy pair are now on their way home to Los Angeles, in the hope of par-

ticipating in the Fiesta celebration for the Shriners, of which body he is High Priest and Prophet—and this exalted position he has occupied for the last seven years. The artist has caught him in characteristic mood and dress, but has neglected to place in due proximity a copy of the Bible. Even among our most learned ecclesiastics it is doubtful if there is a more profound scholar of Holy Scripture than George H. Stewart. So wide and deep is his learning that he can quote a verse to suit any and all occasions. It has been frequently remarked that Mr. Stewart would be an admirable after-dinner speaker—in my own opinion he is one—did he not so consequently revert to the minor prophets. But George is of so sweet a disposition that he will stand the gaff of josh, only returning “measure for measure,” which his ready tongue and wide reading can give in good weight.

George Stewart was born at the home of his father, the Rev. A. M. Stewart, corner Fulton and Sangamon streets, Chicago, Illinois, on February 25, 1852. His parents moved to Pittsburg when George was about three years old. At the opening of the Civil War his father was the first chaplain in the volunteer service in Pennsylvania. He saw service throughout the war, being in some thirty-three engagements. Young George was with him in the Peninsular Campaign, through the siege of Yorktown, and at the battles of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. The lad was then sent north to Oberlin, Ohio, where he spent three years in school and work. He spent the closing year of the war at Washington, D. C., and was there when Richmond fell, when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated and witnessed the Grand Review of the returning army. Then his family removed to Chester county, Pennsylvania, but in 1869 returned to Oberlin where George passed through the preparatory course and into the junior year of college. At that time his father gave him the choice of accompanying him to California on his return or of finishing his college course. Naturally the young man chose California, and arrived in San Francisco in June, 1874, where he first met Mr. J. S. Slanson, an old and tried friend of his father. He spent two years in Gilroy, Santa Clara county, absorbing the mysteries of the grocery business. He left Gilroy for Chico, to be with his father, who died in 1875. Mr. Stewart was then engaged by General John Bidwell, at Chico, for seven years as clerk and confidential man. Leaving there in 1881 he spent nearly a year in Fresno county. He was married in Chico in 1882, and has one son and two daughters. The same year he entered the employ of Geo. W. Meade and Co., of San Francisco, as cashier. He spent a year, '85 to '86, in the employ of Wm. T. Coleman & Co., in their banking office and salmon canning operations at Astoria, Oregon, and closed up some important matters for them at Riverside in the latter part of 1886. On January 1, 1887, he accepted the position of cashier of the Los Angeles County Bank, which office he held for seven years, till in 1894 he became associated with Mr. A. H. Naftzger under the firm name of Stewart & Naftzger, investment brokers. Soon, however, the trend of circumstances drew Mr. Naftzger almost entirely into the orange shipping business and propelled Mr. Stewart into the lines of manufacturing which at present time occupy his attention. Lately he has taken out a number of United States patents

in connection with can making, which have attracted the attention of experts.

George Stewart has never held political office that carried a salary with it. He was one of the Public Library directors under Mayor Rader, and one of the Park Commissioners under Mayor Snyder; was chairman of the Business Men's Sound Money Club in the vigorous campaign of 1896; has served a number of terms as a director of the Chamber of Commerce and lately assumed office again as its second vice-president. He was secretary and manager of the Los Angeles Clearing House for nearly five years; secretary of the California Bankers' Association at the time of its organization, and for a number of years thereafter; later was a member of the executive council and resigned as its chairman when he retired from banking.

His masonic honors are many; a thirty-second degree Scottish Rite mason; Past Commander of Los Angeles Commandery No. 9 Knights Templar, and has just entered upon his seventh year as High Priest and Prophet of Al Malaikah Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S. He is a Companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States and treasurer of the local association; a member of the Jonathan Club and a member and an ex-president of the Sunset Club.

The Mote and the Beam.

On the whole—and especially when it is borne in mind that Los Angeles is at times infested with the most daring burglars and highwaymen and all-round crooks in America—our police force is truly efficient. But the chief sometimes makes the same mistakes of two or three of his predecessors, in assigning half a dozen or a dozen policemen to hunt up a suspected poker game, often small and private, and generally harmless and inconsequential—a raid that is sometimes spiteful, cruel and uncalled for. This reflection is engendered by the perusal of the remarks of a justice of the peace to the chief of police in Dubuque a few days ago whose police had arrested a number of persons for poker playing in a hired room in a lodging house: “These men are discharged; and I would suggest, Mr. Chief, that you are detaining members of your force for mighty small and inquisitorial business while burglars and highwaymen are plying their devilish and often murderous work nightly. You will do the city greater justice and yourself more credit by detaining your men to watch out for thieves and robbers and for the protection of men on the streets and women in their homes rather than sending out big squads of uniformed and non-uniformed officers and so-called detectives to saw watch holes in fences, to break down doors and climb roofs for the purpose of capturing a few men at a quiet game of poker or other similar means of exchanging small coins of the realm. I advise you to do something more acceptable in the discharge of your duties. Again, I say, the prisoners are discharged.”

“How would you advise me to proceed in order to attract public attention to my statesmanly abilities?” “There are two ways,” answered Senator Sorghum; “one is to read up all the works on political economy you can find, and the other is to remember all the funny stories you hear.”—Washington Star.

Impressions at the Scene of the Fire

BY R. H. HAY CHAPMAN.

PHOTOS BY FRED J. SIEBERT.

Most misfortunes are measurable; most disasters finite. While, last Friday, I walked through the ruins of San Francisco, only forty-eight hours before the fairest and most light-hearted city in the world, and now, as far as eye could reach, a mammoth funeral pyre—naught but Death and dust and ashes—the vision was beyond belief, the devastation and desolateness seemed infinite, past the grasp of human imagination. To attempt to realize the appalling significance of this desert of human hopes and efforts was as mad a task as trying to grasp eternity. It was a City of the Dead, where only two days before half a million energies had throbbed.

We were a party of four and except on Market street, where the pitiable exodus made a constant stream of humanity, there was often not another soul in sight. Our party consisted of Mr. W. M. O'Connor, a native son of San Francisco, who, with his sisters, had lost at least half a million dollars in city property; Mr. Fred J. Siebert, the Los Angeles mining engineer, who took the photographs that illustrate this issue of the Graphic; Mr. McLean, a brother-in-law of Henry Crocker, and myself. Mr. O'Connor and Mr. McLean, both of whom had lived in San Francisco all their lives, knew every desolate corner of this once proud city. Mr. McLean had crossed the bay and arranged with Gov. Pardee and Mayor Mott of Oakland for the establishment of a relief station at Henry Crocker's house at the corner of Washington and Laguna, and later in the afternoon we saw this splendid work, providing food for hundreds of men and women who had had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours.

Up Market street we trudged, along which some kind of a rough path had been hewn by the thousands of hurrying feet, and every kind of vehicle across and around the piles of debris. For a hundred yards in one place the north side of Market street had sunk from six inches to two feet below the car tracks, one of the few remaining signals of the damage done by the earthquake, since everything else had been consumed by fire. At the lower end of Market street, only the Ferry building stood, the most merciful exception from this incomparable holocaust. Almost the first single thing that caught my eye was the clock in the ferry tower, its hands still standing at 5:14 1-2, the moment of the awful quake. The greatest mercy was the saving of the Ferry building and the uninterrupted and splendid service provided by the Southern Pacific in transporting the refugees across the bay, and thence to any destination they might demand. All this was done without asking a fare. Perfect order and marvelous efficiency prevailed on the ferry and on the Oakland Mole, whence long trains were dispatched every ten minutes as soon as loaded. All Thursday afternoon, unable to secure permits from Gov. Pardee—the only passports across the bay to be recognized by the authorities—we watched the flood of refugees, the ferry bringing over as many as six

thousand an hour, besides those carried in a constant stream of launches.

My first and most lasting impression was the extraordinary apathy of the refugees. There was no sign of panic, or even of excitement, save only among the Chinamen who scurried hither and thither like frightened rats, each loaded with as big a bundle as he could possibly bear, and jabbering incessantly. White men and women—there were only a very few children, save babes in arms—were not scared—they were simply stunned. Many of them had believed that, with the first quake and the furious flames that raged in all directions by the time the shock, which lasted forty-eight seconds, had subsided, the end of the world had come. For two days in San Francisco the wildest rumors had spread their wings, and all sorts of fearful reports flew from mouth to mouth. Anxious questions were asked us on Friday afternoon about Los Angeles. Was it really still on the map? None would believe that hardly a tremor had been felt here on that fatal Wednesday morning, April 18. They had heard that Denver had been burned to the ground, that Lake Michigan had swallowed up Chicago, and a tidal wave had engulfed New York. Up to Saturday morning there had been no news at all from the East, even in Oakland, the wires being burdened with perpetual messages, press and private, bearing the awful tidings of the destroyed city.

As we walked up Market street only the remains of perhaps a dozen buildings served as landmarks, the Call building, the Union Trust building, the Flood building, the toppling tower of the City Hall, and the Fairmount Hotel, standing as gaunt specters against the sky. The splendid outline of the Call building was untouched, save for its sightless windows. From Market street we turned up Geary, passing the Shreve building, a wierd skeleton of steel and brick, covering its buried treasure of countless jewels, and the bank district, all of which was closely guarded by soldiers. No sign of life, except an occasional and haggard pedestrian, was met until we reached Union Square, where of all the fine buildings that once surrounded it, only the outline of the St. Francis Hotel, and a section of the front wall of the Pacific Union Club were still standing. Almost every foot of Union Square was covered either by people who were still camping there, or by hundreds of trunks and other baggage. In Union Square we saw a man attempting to steal food under an improvised tent. In a moment half a dozen men were on his neck and prevented him. He was allowed to shrink away, still hungry, but had there been a soldier in sight he would have been shot. This was the only instance of disorder or crime that we saw in a four hours' march around the city. Wherever people were congregated,—and "misery loves company,"—extraordinarily good humor and cheerfulness prevailed. Even when later in the afternoon a cold fog was shedding its mantle

over Lafayette Square, and most of the refugees were without any sort of shelter, the people all laughed and joked. From Union Square we walked up Post street to Van Ness avenue, where for the first time since we left the ferry, habitable buildings met our eyes. Only two hours before we had reached Van Ness avenue, the last fight of the firemen and the military had been waged to save the Western addition of the city. The east side of Van Ness avenue had been absolutely destroyed by fire and dynamite. As soon as flames touched a building it was blown up by the artillerymen. East of Van Ness avenue the flames were then sweeping Hyde Street Hill, Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill. Hundreds of people were penned between these fires, but were rescued by the tugs and steam schooners impressed by the authorities. The westward sweep of the flames had been checked at Van Ness avenue, but

Ness avenue we could see the sand lots at Lombard and Octavia, and for nearly a mile the ground was covered with some sorts of tent, piles of household goods and countless groups of refugees.

Leaving Van Ness avenue we walked up to Henry Crocker's house at the corner of Washington and Laguna, and there found, about five o'clock, the establishment of one of the first relief stations. Supplies had been dumped in the garden, and were closely guarded by a detachment of soldiers. Already two lines, one of men and one of women, stretched for two blocks, the women receiving the food first, and the men being sharply ordered to take off their hats as they took their rations. In the line of men two individuals were pointed out to me who only two days before had been reckoned millionaires. They each waited patiently in that motley



Looking South from Market and O'Farrell. Wall standing is front of Pioneer Hall on Fourth Street.

from that point we looked upon absolute devastation, eastward to the bay. All the magnificent hotels and apartment houses on Van Ness avenue had disappeared or left a single wall or dreary ruin. The skeleton of the eight stories of the St. Dunstan Hotel at Sutter street was standing with one wall gone, the big iron girders bent double. Nothing but a pile of brick marked the spot where the Richelieu had stood, and only the name over the door was left of the seven-storied Marie Antoinette. The wreck of the walls of St. Mary's Cathedral was still standing. On the west side of Van Ness avenue a few of the magnificent mansions still remained. The ruined walls of the Claus Spreckels home at the corner of Clay and Van Ness were standing, but the costly interior and priceless treasures had vanished in flames. The only place where the fire crossed Van Ness was from California to Pacific. From Van

gathering of Japanese, Italians and negroes for their turn, and bore away with them their "hand-out," consisting of about three inches of bologna, two tins of canned vegetables or fruit, and some half dozen soda crackers. Again there was not the slightest sign of disorder, every man and woman patiently waiting his or her turn. Some of them, as soon as they got their rations, began to run, evidently hurrying to carry food to some loved one still hungrier than themselves. By Friday night the relief measures had been so splendidly organized that Dr. Voorsanger, chairman of the committee to feed the hungry, gave out the comforting report that by midnight there was not a single hungry soul in San Francisco. Reports had reached us in Oakland that the greatest distress was from lack of water, and each of us had carried across as many bottles as possible. The people had been warned by a



Market Street, showing the ruins of the Palace Hotel, and the Call Building.



Corner Post, Market and New Montgomery. Masonic Temple on left, Union Trust on right. Bullock and Jones Building in background. Lick House stood next to Masonic Temple.

proclamation from the mayor not to use any water without boiling it, and it was only on Friday afternoon that some of the mains had been repaired so that any general supply was available. The Bartlett water with which we had armed ourselves at least gave relief to a score of thirsty souls. From the Crocker relief station we walked around Lafayette Square, where the camping refugees were thickly huddled under whatever refuge they could improvise, the fog already driving them to some sort of shelter. Women had sewn sheets together, and had put up an awning to make some kind of a tent. A dozen Japanese had become thoroughly comfortable under a string of blankets, on the top of which they had inscribed "Japanese Students' Club." However miserable was the lot of any of the people, none showed a sign of it. They were all busy preparing for night, many of them

surely it is a magnificent thing, for here are men who in a thrice have lost their all and yet are confident of retrieving it. One of the largest manufacturers in San Francisco, with whom I have frequently played golf, said, "Well, we are all in a bunker. Now's the time for good shots out of it." And, depend upon it, these men will make their word good and will rebuild better than they knew before. Many of the largest men in California found themselves on Wednesday morning with only a little "chicken feed" in their pockets. Since the banks closed on Tuesday afternoon there was—till Saturday afternoon—absolutely no money except what people happened to have on their persons. Nor was there any available cash in Oakland, because each day since the catastrophe Gov. Pardee had declared a legal holiday, and all of the banks were closed. Rockefeller himself could not cash a check. Henry

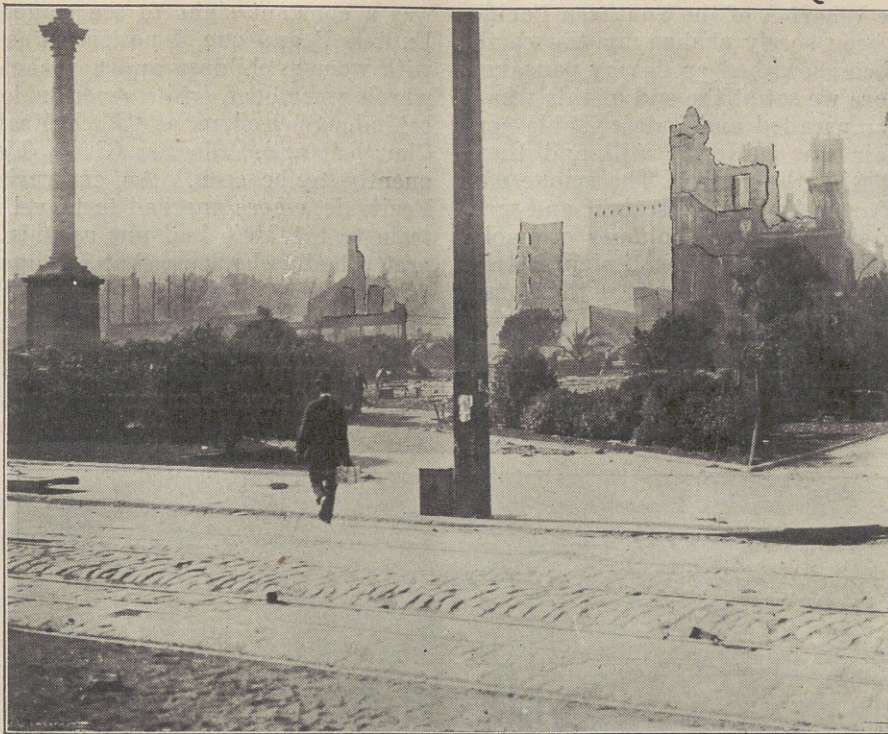


Looking Northeast from Van Ness Avenue and Post Street.
Tower shows remains of Sutter Street Power House.

cooking. It was a frequent sight to see women cooking their evening meal in the middle of the street, since no fires or lights were allowed in any house.

The same splendid spirit of hope and courage I have endeavored to describe among the refugees prevails among the big men of San Francisco, who themselves and their forefathers had built the city. Not a hint of abandonment or desertion could be heard anywhere. At the Athenian Club in Oakland, where we were privileged to make our headquarters, I met some of the leading men whose fortunes had sunk in a day from millions to zero. All their thoughts were first for the relief of their destitute fellow men and then for the upbuilding of a new, more beautiful and greater city than before. The spirit of the West is undaunted and irrepressible. Some observers call it the gambling spirit, and if it be true that Californians are gamblers at heart,

Crocker laughed when he said he was still comparatively rich, because he had \$5 in his pocket. Walter Dean's capital consisted of forty cents until he was found by his brother-in-law, Frank Hicks of this city, who supplied him with currency. In Oakland we saw P. M. Lilienthal, the manager of the Anglo-California Bank and custodian of many millions, whose wife is an heiress on her own account. He was walking behind a broken-down old express wagon which bore his wife and children and such belongings as they could lay their hands to for their hurried exodus. I. W. Hellman, perhaps the richest man in California, was forced to telegraph to Mr. Sartori of this city for a few hundred dollars, but the courage of those financiers and captains of industry begot general confidence, and during the forty-eight hours I spent in Oakland and San Francisco, I never heard a doubt expressed as to the rebuilding and betterment of the destroyed city.



From Southwest Corner Union Square, looking toward the Fairmount (in the distance on hill), showing Dewey monument (leaning slightly), Fairmount and Jewish Synagogue.



From Market Street, looking up Geary Street, showing new Shreve Building at left.

Thursday afternoon, when we found it was impossible to cross the bay, and it was too late to get the necessary permits from Gov. Pardee, we walked along the immense Wharf A of the Southern Pacific, which itself had been sorely shaken by the earthquake, its sheds being crushed as flat as pancakes. For an hour or more we sat at the end of this wharf and watched the unparalled and indescribable conflagration. The air was perfectly still and there was hardly a ripple on the water. The smoke was not scattered, but arose in almost straight and massive columns. On either side the columns of smoke were immense flashes of flame, the Mission district still burning on the left and on the right the flames tearing their ruthless way from Townsend street to the Presidio. The smoke was capped by a dense crown of white clouds, which occasionally would reflect the red glare of the flames. To the right of

matter. Signs of man's brotherhood to man were evident at almost every corner, the Oakland Relief Committee doing splendid work from the first. It was a constant sight to see wagons labeled "Free Express," and one, I noticed, was so loaded down with women, children and household goods that the wheels were bent, while seven male Italians walked behind. Such signs as "Free Meals at the Baptist Church," and "Shelter Given Here," were frequently to be seen. An enterprising druggist in Fruitvale, where one had to travel to get a through train to the Mole had put up this sign, "We were pretty badly shook up, but are open for trade."

At the Oakland Mole on Thursday evening. I found a group of distinguished members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Caruso, who by that



The Burning City, taken at 5 p. m., Thursday, April 19, from the S. P. Wharf A. Distance three miles.

this massive and extraordinary picture of smoke and flame and cloud was the setting sun, itself a red ball of fire. The picture, despite its terrible portent, was marvelously beautiful. We sat there until darkness compelled us to retrace our steps along the wharf.

In a few hours Oakland, known all over the state as San Francisco's sleeping place, had become a city of refuge, bustling with unprecedented energy, and with streets crowded with refugees. The telegraph offices were besieged by long lines of men and women, anxious to send their loved ones news of their safety, but almost all of these messages must have been delayed at least three days. Telegrams that I sent from Oakland on Thursday night to Los Angeles were not delivered here till Sunday afternoon, the wires being loaded down with press

time had recovered his shattered nerve, was chattering to a group of distressed chorus-women, while Scotti, Burgstaller and Dufriehe were comparing notes of their wanderings since the quake of the previous morning had driven them helter-skelter from the Palace Hotel. I chatted for a few minutes to Caruso, who was still sorry for himself. He described his agonies in leaving the hotel and his all-night wanderings through Golden Gate Park. But this priceless tenor and all of Conreid's costly song-birds had to take their meager refreshment from a little old eating house run by Japanese near Wharf A, and had to spend the night on the Mole, many of them with their trunks as their beds, waiting for the special train which had been promised them for Friday. The amount of baggage that had accumulated in thirty-six hours at the Mole was beyond belief, but the depot officials were confident they would dispose of it without mistake—some day.

At the Athenian Club in Oakland, I met Postmaster Flint, Grand-Master of the Pacific Coast Masons. He was already arranging for relieving the destitute brothers. Mr. Flint was busy canvassing the Fiesta problem, and the unanimous opinion expressed was that the celebration should go forward. The consummation of such an event is exceedingly desirable, not only to restore confidence, but to remove the impression that is doubtless prevalent throughout the East that Los Angeles has suffered from the earthquake. The Elks, and many other fraternal orders were similarly busy, the Elks establishing a relief station and hospital at Adams Point.

On the ruins of Kearney street we met William Sproule, general traffic manager of the Southern Pacific. On a pile of debris five feet high we stopped and chatted. He was looking as spick and span as

working like a beaver, with half a dozen secretaries taking his dictation for telegrams and other orders. It is certain that Pardee has done wonderful work, and it is not improbable that this has provided a great political opportunity for him. He never left the Mayor's office in Oakland for forty-eight hours, eating his meals at his desk, and only snatching an hour's sleep on a lounge.

The anxiety of people traveling from Los Angeles to Oakland in search of their relatives was heart-rending. When, on Thursday morning, we got first news since we left Los Angeles from the Fresno Republican, it was believed that at least ten thousand lives had been lost, and the tone of the combined "Call-Chronicle-Examiner," a few copies of which were found at Port Costa, was that of ultimate desperation. In Oakland I met many Los An-



Refugees on the Oakland Mole.

if he had just stepped out from his tailor's shop. He was happy because his wife was safe at Berkeley. On the morning of the earthquake they had been on the tenth floor of the St. Francis Hotel. In the midst of those awful ruins Mr. Sproule expressed the same cheerful confidence as to the future San Francisco. I congratulated him on the wonderful service the Southern Pacific had provided for the refugees, and told him that I considered the Southern Pacific and General Funston had been the main saviors of the situation. He answered, "Of course, we had to keep our nerve. The Southern Pacific has set an example to everyone else because we had the first and perhaps the greatest opportunity. Tomorrow my offices will be opened in the Ferry building."

In the city hall at Oakland I saw Governor Pardee for a brief moment while he signed my permit to go into San Francisco. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and

geles people who had already escaped. Mrs. Percy Schumacher and her little son were going from house to house to find a night's lodging. In a cheap restaurant I came across Mr. and Mrs. John Singleton and Miss Lillian Graham, and the ladies had no clothes save what they stood up in, while Mr. Singleton was bent on the hopeless task of cashing a check. In San Francisco, walking up Van Ness avenue, I met Mrs. I. B. Newton. She had moved four times in forty-eight hours, but had at last found a permanent refuge on the upper end of California street. Judge Shaw of the Supreme Court spent forty-eight hours tramping the ruined streets, and through Golden Gate Park, in a vain search for his wife. He lived on soda crackers, until on the south-bound train he was treated to a lavish spread with General Sherman as host.

Judge R. B. Carpenter, eighty years old and the survivor of a paralytic stroke, had come unscathed

through the terrible ordeal, and was also a passenger on the train that brought us home Sunday morning. Judge Henshaw of the Supreme Court, which was sitting in Los Angeles at the time of the disaster, was a passenger on General Sherman's special. He made all speed to his home in San Francisco, to find that the chimney had fallen directly across his wife's bed. He was overjoyed to discover that Mrs. Henshaw, instead of returning home after the performance of "Carmen" the night before, had gone to the house of a friend. The judge organized an automobile corps, and has been doing splendid relief work. Rob Rogers and Frank Rider and a host of other anxious husbands, whose wives had gone North to attend the opera, searched for three days without finding them, but they had returned in safety South and had been unable to get any telegrams through to Oakland.

The most wonderful story of presence of mind which I have heard came from San José, and is vouched for by Mr. Platt, the local superintendent of the Southern Pacific. The night watchman in the power house had seized an axe and cut all the wires the moment that he felt the earthquake on Wednesday morning, thus probably saving San José from a similar holocaust to that of San Francisco. In San José, while the shock from earthquake seems to have been even more severe than in San Francisco, only one block was burned.

The Los Angeles Examiner's relief party, disappointed though they were to find their services not needed in San Francisco, are doing splendid work in Oakland. Arthur Letts, who is proving a host in himself, made a wonderful automobile drive to San José on Thursday night, accompanied by B. Fay Mills.



From corner of Van Ness Avenue and Jackson Street, looking toward Russian and Telegraph Hills. Taken while fire was burning, but flames do not show in picture.

"By the Way"

Brace Up!

These be days when strong men prove their strength. In the teeth of such calamity only the weak have leisure for lamentation.

"Of sorrow cometh death;
And sorrow of heart will bow down the strength.
In calamity sorrow also remaineth;
And the poor man's life is grievous to the heart."

Therefore let the moanings be confined to the Jeremiads of the Examiner, which may scatter its editorial energies by violating the wishes and the best interests of this community and by indecent advertisements of its proprietor's munificence and charity. The truest sympathy Los Angeles can show

her stricken sister is to do everything possible to restore confidence in California. For this reason alone the Fiesta and the Shriner celebrations should go forward as planned, though the former is postponed for two weeks. If the Shriners do not come it will be a disappointment to Truth and our very great loss, because their visit and their observation of the untouched conditions here would do incalculable good to the whole State by helping to dissipate the totally false impressions that have been scattered broadcast concerning the safety of this city. Brace up, and restore confidence for California's sake and the credit of Los Angeles!

For California.

The men and women of San Francisco have set us a glorious example of the cheeriest confidence in the future. They did not sit down in the ruins of their

homes and weep. The men girded up their loins to rebuild at once, what had been burned. No more helpful gospel of California's undaunted spirit could be preached than by Los Angeles now doing her duty for herself and California. Pluck and energy are of more avail in calamity than moaning and commiseration. "It is not decent to hold a festival," whine the Jeremiahs. To such futile faint hearts, Jesus, the son of Sirach, replies, "When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest."

Charity Begins at Home.

The strong men of Los Angeles have met the crisis firmly and nobly. Everything that possibly could be devised for the relief of the suffering in San Francisco has been provided, and with the promptest dispatch. A Los Angeles train of fifteen cars of provisions was the first to reach San Francisco, the result of generalship and efficiency such as we have long learned to look for from the Chamber of Commerce and its wonderfully active secretary. To my mind, the most effective and most vital step taken by the Citizens' Committee was that which was ordered last Tuesday, when, in the face of the protests of some impractical parsons and foolish sentimentalists, the city established a quarantine and a detention camp for refugees at Glendale. The worst human horror might still be hanging over us in the form of plague and pestilence if these drastic measures, which to the shallow sentimentalist may seem unmerciful, had not been taken. The Citizens' Committee had private and reliable information of the danger that already existed. Returning from San Francisco last Sunday I was relieved to find by the daily newspapers that the staunch and prudent citizen, Mr. Joseph Scott, had spoken in vehement terms on this subject. "Charity begins at Home," and the first duty of the Citizens' Committee was to protect its fellow citizens. Therefore when Governor Pardee wired to the Committee and asked how many more refugees Los Angeles would undertake to care for, and the reply was sent back "No more," it was not the merciless retort that it seems, but on the contrary a most merciful and wise verdict. Pasadena, on the other hand, I understand, replied that she would take care of all the refugees that came. It would seem that, by the establishment of the deten-

tion camp near Burbank, Los Angeles is protecting Pasadena from herself. ———

Discourse with Fools.

"He that discourseth to a fool is as one who discourseth to a man that slumbereth, and at the end he will say, What is it?" It is futile to argue with such impossible persons as the unspeakable coward, Henry Lowenthal, who is responsible for every "break" and "knock" of which the local Examiner has been guilty during the eighteen months of his "superintendency." Lowenthal will listen to nothing but the sound of his own voice, and my quotation from Ecclesiasticus is eminently ad personam. All this week, the best, strongest and biggest men in this city have been trying to stop his fool tactics in urging an abandonment of the Fiesta and the Shriners' celebration. Only Lowenthal, a megalomaniac could have resisted the logical arguments and sound sense presented to him. "He that teacheth a fool is one that glueth a potsherd together."

"I fully appreciate sentiments, but I must bear in mind that this is a large and prominent society and in view of the dreadful calamity which has overtaken San Francisco, it would be unseemly and unsympathetic for us to meet in your city and enjoy the festivities provided. Therefore my edict stands and I have postponed the meeting to be held at some future date."

These are the words of Henry A. Collins, Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine, declaring off the Shriners' gathering. For consummate impudence and calm assurance, Mr. Collins stands in a class all by himself. Who is he to reprove this city? How much has Toronto, his home city, given compared with Los Angeles? Did business suspend in Toronto at the time of the Charleston, S. C., earthquake? I have many friends who are Shriners; I have yet to meet one who will not say that Henry A. Collins, Imperial Potentate, is not an Imperial Ass. ———

Good Work of Real Reporters.

Elsewhere I have alluded to the insane criminals masquerading as "news" men, who violated a sacred trust by sending forth lying and incalculably injurious reports concerning the safety of this city. It is all the more refreshing, then, to pay deserved tribute to the great and vigorous work done by some of the local newspaper-men. Harry Carr of the Times covered himself with glory by his splendid enterprise and graphic writing. He was the

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first correspondent to get out of town and the first to return with the most throbbing "story" and fine photographs, taken by himself. E. D. Moore, of the Associated Press was aroused from a sick bed and took the first train north that he could reach after receiving the orders of his chief, Melville Stone from New York. That the alarm in the East must have been general concerning the safety of this vicinity is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Stone's first question over the wire was for the safety of his wife and daughter, who are spending the winter in Pasadena. Mr. Moore has again distinguished himself as he did after the Bennington disaster by sane, conservative, and accurate accounts of the catastrophe. I saw Charley Van Loan in the Examiner's Oakland office at midnight on Friday, and he had not been out of his boots, nor slept a wink since he left here Wednesday morning. Van Loan is a glutton for work and during the past week has turned out an extraordinary amount of most interesting "stuff." It seems a pity that a man of his most rare talents should ever be relegated to chronicling the capers of second rate prize-fighters and joshing cheap "sports." Van Loan is a born newspaper man, and in his three short years of experience had already won more distinction than falls to one reporter out of a thousand.

Criminal Faking.

If the Fiesta and Shriner Imperial Session are abandoned, it will be due largely to the criminal faking of four alleged newspaper correspondents. These men, it appears, sent out lying messages of damage done by earthquake to Los Angeles, whereas in truth few of us knew that there had been a tremor until the awful news was flashed over the wires from San Francisco. Such action was not only criminal but insane, because the correspondents, if they had thought twice, must have known that exposure and disgrace were inevitable. Such disreputable and irresponsible curs befoul the credit of the craft, and should be drummed out of the press camp with such violence that they will never dare again to call themselves newspaper-men. One would have thought that the awful fate of San Francisco provided all the material, and far more than enough, for correspondents to use without drawing upon their evil imaginations. But the four correspondents who have jeopardized Los Angeles' welfare are not the only criminals. There were alleged newspaper men who, unable to secure the necessary permits from Gov. Pardee to cross the bay into San Francisco, sat down in Oakland and burdened the wires with thousands of words of imaginative tommyrot. For three days those wires were "held up" carrying press matter, so that the terrible anxiety of friends all over the country could not be relieved by private messages which had been filed as soon after the commencement of the San Francisco disaster as it was possible to get to the telegraph offices. It was a pitiable sight in Oakland to watch hundreds of men and women standing in line at the

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Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices, waiting for a chance to file messages. Had they but known, the tidings of their safety could have reached their friends—certainly in Los Angeles—at least two days sooner by mail than by telegraph. The telegraph companies, of course, did all they could to accommodate the public, but gave their wires up, first of all to the Federal, State and civic authorities, and next to the press. As long as the wires were only charged with messages from responsible and trained correspondents, this was, of course, perfectly proper, but anybody calling himself the correspondent of any Eastern newspaper could pass the bayonet of a sixteen-year old National Guard child and secure preference above the thousands of private telegrams with which the offices were swamped. All sorts of lying stories of pillage and unspeakable crime were invented in Oakland, and sent broadcast throughout the country. The truth of the matter is that the yellow press and its scavengers were beside themselves, and when they could not find bestial dribble to glut their maws they invented it, and loaded the wires from their mental garbage pails. The Oakland Tribune of last Friday evening, April 20, in a scare-head an inch high and colossal body-type, published a story of an "Attempt to Rob the Mint: Fourteen Men Shot!" There was nothing but the most idle rumor, without a jot or tittle of evidence, on which to base this sensation. There were sufficient ghastly accidents, such as the shooting by National Guard children of innocent men whose anxiety prevented them from enough presence of mind to halt at the call of the untutored striplings, without any vile inventions. Elsewhere I have spoken of the extraordinary good humor and order that characterized the refugees. The peaceful, aye, the cheerful, way in which men and women accepted the fate of San Francisco and their own destitution was the most uplifting feature of those many hours of horror.

Munchausenesque Narrative.

It was not unnatural that imaginative men, other than the irresponsible persons who for the nonce called themselves newspaper men, grew big with fabulous tales of misfortune and their own prowess. Returning from San Francisco on Friday evening we listened to many weird and incredible tales told with the utmost good humor, but with dissolute irresponsibility. A grey-bearded old gentleman who did not, at least, present an appearance of ever having been worth more than thirty cents, declared in a loud voice, "The day before yesterday I was worth two millions; here is the last dime I have in the world, and I am going to get a cup of coffee with it." Encouraged by the attention of his hearers, he went on, "But I saved my house, a splendid mansion"—he did not say where,—probably in the skies—"When it was threatened by flames I seized a sledge hammer and knocked in the walls." This was enough for us. We concluded that he must be a refugee from Agnews.

True Yarns and Observations.

Charlie Orr, who is well known here as an athlete and a golfer, was probably the most calm and unconcerned person in the Palace Hotel on the fatal Wednesday morning. He could not sleep through

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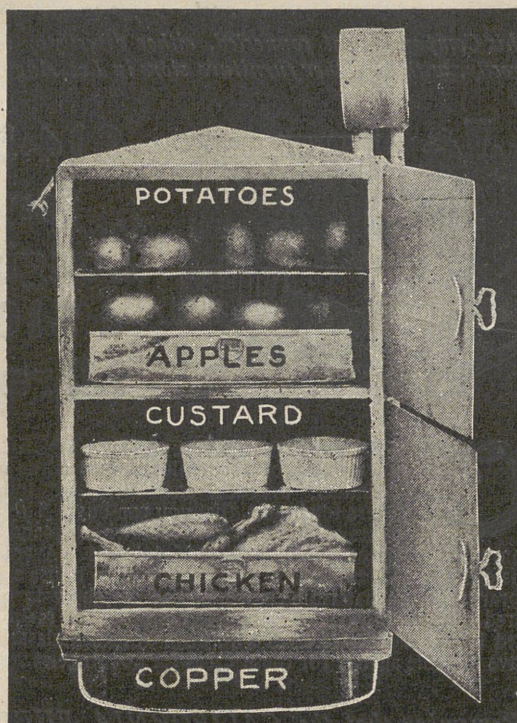
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the earthquake, but as soon as the shock subsided he got out of bed and brushed the plaster from his clothes and trunk; then returned to bed to sleep soundly until he was ready for breakfast. This story is not told by Mr. Orr himself, but is vouched for by a friend who found him two hours after the quake peacefully sleeping in his bed.

Insults to the Deity.

Mr. Orr himself, however, tells two stories of interest, one of actual record of the days before the earthquake and fire, and the other a reminiscence of his native heath in Scotland. He tells me that for three weeks before the earthquake an old negro had been preaching nightly at the corner of Dupont street and Grand avenue, and had been attracting large crowds to hear his fervid exhortations. He was the modern Jeremiah, and Mr. Orr avers that on three different nights of the week before the holocaust he listened to the negro's vehement prophecies that within thirty days San Francisco would be destroyed by earthquake and fire. What a stupendous text for the evangelists who prate about "the visitation of God!"—as I read in the San Francisco Examiner of Friday, April 20th, in a column story signed by Fred J. Hewitt, "I was in a stone's throw of the City Hall when the hand of an avenging God fell upon San Francisco." What kind of a God do these heathen worship? What ultra-blasphemy! Of course there are a thousand preachers in a hundred cities who every night of the year may be heard foretelling similar disasters. In my childhood, many a time and oft I listened to such discourses, howled or droned out from even respectable pulpits, and even in the days of my youth, was ashamed at the idea of such a man-made God.

Rockefeller's Opportunity.

Mr. Orr tells another story which seemed significant at the moment when Mr. John D. Rockefeller,



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who is the dollar Colossus of this age,, contributed a paltry (for him) sum of \$100,000, to the relief of San Francisco. There was an old Scotch farmer who all his life had been a devout Presbyterian, and incidentally and perforce believed in infant damnation. Fire visited the farmer's homestead, and destroyed every stick and grain on the place. As the old farmer watched his last sack of oats burning he raised his hands skyward and yelled, "Noo, God, 'tis time for You to show Your power!" A similar appeal might well have been made at this juncture to Mr. Rockefeller. It was, and is, in his power, not only to relieve the distress in San Francisco by contributing \$100,000, which is equivalent to a cent from most of us, but by loaning whatever millions are needed for rebuilding San Francisco.

Contractors' Experiences.

Contractors from Los Angeles were among the first to jump off and observe the lessons of the San Francisco catastrophe. Mr. Adolph Ramish is home after a three days' visit, and reports have reached me that Johnny Llewellyn and Will Searelle were doing the most industrious stunt of their careers. The main feature of the scenic act was a pick and shovel among the un-ending mass of brick and mortar that at the present time can be attacked on every hand. Adolphus Ramish, on being asked if he and his partner, Martin Marsh, would take any part in the rebuilding of the northern metropolis, answered, "Well, I can't tell you all I know at the present time without lying, and as you know I am a good Christian you will not press me on the point." And with that the husky, animated little man sauntered in the direction of the new-born Main street panorama, which is to be the king-pin of all the skating rinks to grace the Southland.

Frederick Funston.

Any man who enters the United States Army from civil life has a hard row to hoe. Those who enter the army as second lieutenants, may be gradually adopted by the West Point crowd; those who enter under other conditions are never "in it." Look at the way General Miles has been handled by the army clique—he is not a West Pointer. General Leonard Wood has been hammered ever since he went from the medical corps of the army to the line. General Frederick Funston is another "unfortunate." He was an Alaskan explorer, then an officer of the Cuban army, Colonel of the Twentieth Kansas and in the Philippines performed the exploit that made him a brigadier—he captured Aguinaldo. Funston is young for the latter day brigadier, but he is at the

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age—about forty—when soldiers do their best work. Funston has just performed a greater feat than the capture of the Filipino leader. He handled the San Francisco catastrophe well and manfully. No better order could have prevailed than Frederick Funston enforced. But the army? It will "knock" as usual.

Brooks's Kennels.

I had a chance the other day to look at Colonel J. W. Brooks's kennels of Boston terriers. It is really amazing to see what careful buying and breeding will accomplish in the way of building up a kennel in a comparatively short time. Colonel Brooks now has about twenty-three Boston terriers, of which fifteen are at the Ascot kennels. Colonel Brooks has a soft spot in his heart for one particular dog, Acme Rocky, which was one of the first animals he imported from the East. The Ascot kennels proved the greatest surprise to Eastern visitors, and the judges at the recent show, many saying that no better Boston terriers can be found in the country. Colonel Brooks intends to devote his entire attention to the kennels until the preliminary work of the Ascot racing season begins.

Mammoth Benefit.

Eleven Los Angeles theaters have combined to make one big record-breaking benefit performance at the Mason Opera House next Thursday afternoon, May 3, the proceeds to go to the Chamber of Commerce relief fund for San Francisco sufferers. The details have not yet been decided, but the theatrical managers are united in their guarantee that this benefit will give the greatest value for the money ever offered in the city. The program will last from 12 o'clock noon until 6:30 in the evening, and will include the best acts in the week's attractions from the Mason Opera House, Belasco, Orpheum, Burbank, Hotchkiss, Grand Opera House, Hecla, Unique, Novelty, Fischer's and Empire. The music will be furnished by a special combined orchestra of fifty pieces under the direction of A. F. Frankenstein of the Orpheum orchestra. Admission prices are, \$2 for orchestra, \$1 for dress circle and 50 cents for balcony.

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cisco calamity; nor, for that matter, anything finer than the position of the people of Los Angeles. Business in some lines, like real estate, has been disturbed; in other lines, such as provisions, groceries, hardware, materials of all sorts, has been vastly quickened. The confidence of the people has not been shaken in the least. The bankers are calmly awaiting the resumption of business with San Francisco.

Northern Money Here.

There is a great deal of northern money invested in Los Angeles mortgages. Fortunately for Los Angeles, most of this money is on long term mortgages. Of all the northern banks, the German Savings & Loan Society is most heavily interested. This institution has perhaps \$5,000,000 invested in mortgages in Los Angeles property—most of it on ten and fifteen years time, at low rates of interest. The Hibernia Bank of San Francisco, which is the largest savings institution on the Coast, has not scattered its loans so widely in Los Angeles as the German, but has concentrated its loans as closely as possible around the bay. The third large savings bank of the North, the San Francisco Savings and Loan, also has been slow in letting money out in the South. These three big banks, the combined deposits in which are close to \$150,000,000, now face the results of "putting their eggs into one basket." San Francisco is their financial basket and the San Francisco basket will not hold much.

Financial Problems.

There is no doubt that the San Francisco banks are founded on solid rock. Within thirty days San Francisco will be the busiest hive in America. The insurance money will begin to come in, buildings will be started, and money will circulate with unparalleled rapidity. The call for business money will be enormous, but that can be met. The greatest financial problem, to my mind, is to finance the northern savings banks. They are as secure as a rock, and undoubtedly can pay out; another thing that will keep them will be that their small depositors will soon be at work, earning money and with no place to deposit it except in the bank. So that trouble need not be as formidable as some people think it may be.

Unique Entertainment.

A long-suffering public is so often beguiled, in the name of Charity, to assist at impromptu entertainments (sic) that nobody could be blamed for being slightly skeptical before the boxing benefit held last Tuesday night in the Pacific Athletic Club's pavilion. Everybody who felt that way, however, was most agreeably disappointed for "the show" was a genuine entertainment in every sense of the word, and a more enthusiastic audience it would be hard to imagine. I had heard quite a little talk about ladies and society attending en masse, but hardly believed it until I entered the McCarey arena and looked around at the people. The \$5 and \$10 seats were nearly all filled and there were, easily, three ladies to one man. The opening event was a pretty fencing exhibition by two local professionals. Then a portly little individual, Arthur Loftus, a refugee from the Babes in Woodland Company, stranded in San Francisco, sang in a surprisingly sweet tenor voice. This

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kept the audience interested while the boxers were changing their clothes and, when the human megaphone announced that Kid Herman and Abe Attell would perform, there was quite a rustle of excitement all over the house. It was a pleasing sight to see the two youngsters in their gaily colored tights and tunics jump lightly into the ring and strut cheerfully to their corners. Will White, sheriff of the county, was roped in as referee and a more sheepish sheriff it would be hard to imagine. When the gong sounded and the two little men began to spar, the good guardian of the peace seemed at a loss what to do, so he compromised by doing nothing at all but just leaned up against the ropes and smiled benevolently upon the boxers. The two boys went at it hammer and tongs in real prize-fighting style, and, if the gloves had not been of the feather bed variety, gore might have been spilled. To the disappointment of many of the fair sex present, however, this did not happen once during the evening. When the two Herrera brothers were ready to enter the ring they arranged that Mauro should pretend to be knocked out in the last round. I have seldom seen anything so ludicrous as the look on Theodore Summerland's face when Mauro Herrera suddenly slipped to the floor and rolled over and over in perfect imitation of a man who has really been knocked out. The jovial councilman had been laughingly conducted to the ring by two policemen when he objected to acting as referee, and, by his looks, a fish out of water would have been in a comparative paradise. When Theodore saw the writhing form on the floor of the ring he did not know what to do, he evidently thought that it was genuine, but such an idea as counting the man out never entered his head. Instead, he ran to the assistance of the fallen one and, amid roars of laughter and shouts of derision, assisted him to his feet. The piece de resistance of the evening was the able refereeing of Judge Smith, who superintended the exhibition, given by Jeffries and Jack Root, of the ram and the rock. The judge is a great student of ancient history, and, when he stepped into the ring, made a little speech in which, with well turned phrase, he compared the blushing and uncomfortable champion to the heroes and demigods of old. There must have been days when the Judge was no mean man with the mitts himself, for the way he skipped round the ring and the attitudes he struck put Harry Stuart at his fiercest in the shade. Enough credit cannot be given to Mr. McCarey for the success of the entertainment for, though the affair was nominally in charge of a Chamber of Commerce Committee, the smiling impresario was the Deus ex Machina.

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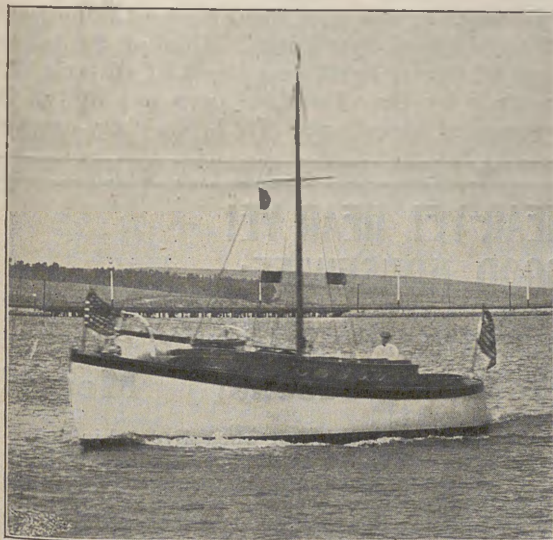
Order now from your dealer, or from any of the first-class hotels or restaurants in Southern California. Wetmore-Bowen Company.

son," who has made some fame for himself by sending many of his professional confrères to the land of dreams, is quite a philosopher in his way. This sturdy youth has been training recently in preparation for a settlement of a small difference between himself and a Reservation denizen, named Herrera. The difference is not so much due to any argumentative proclivity on the part of either of them, but to the efforts of one Thomas Jefferson McCarey, who believes that the people of Los Angeles would be interested to see which one can stand up the longest under the pommelling of the other. Training in the open air has added a nut-brown hue to Mr. Nelson's already healthy countenance and this, combined with his sunny smile, was irresistible when the famous little scrapper started in to sell papers on the street last Saturday, for the benefit of the relief fund. He was so ably assisted by the gigantic Mr. Cook that the Graphic's jovial jingler, who happened to pass while the latter was in the middle of a very effective spiel, stirred the bones of Danny Deever thus:

"Who is that human Megaphone?"
The deafened listener cried.
It's Mr. Cook, the talking man,"
The weary one replied
"Who is that little sun-burned man,
Who takes in so much dough?"
"It's Battling Nelson," he replied—
"At least they told me so."

For they're selling evening papers,
And they're going by the score,
They're not giving any change back,
But it don't make people sore,
It's to help the great relief fund,
They've a Hundred now and more
And it's Bat.
That's selling papers by the million.

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in succession. The first day's shooting of the tournament was won by the crack shot of Long Beach, Fred King, who broke forty-seven out of a possible fifty. The individual amateur championship of the tournament fell to George Julian of San Diego, who registered the fine score of forty-eight out of a possible fifty. Mills of Santa Ana, and Bungay of Ocean Park, made a straight score of twenty birds and ten birds, twice in succession. The five-men championship brought out some of the best trap shooters in the State and was won by Hagerman, closely followed by Orr, Knight, Bungay and Gibson, who made the fine scores of one hundred and fifteen out of a possible one hundred and twenty-five. Gibson and Bungay did sensational work by killing twenty-five birds straight, which was not accomplished by any other shooters. Mills of Santa Ana, won the highest average for the two days tournament, with the remarkable record of 227 out of a possible 300. Holing, the San Francisco professional, was the only shooter who tied that score. Bungay of Ocean Park, won second place with 272, and Julian, of San Diego, and F. King of Long Beach, were tied for third place at 267.

Many spectators witnessed both days of the tournament, and professional shooters from Kansas, Colorado, San Francisco and many other points were present. Among the professionals were Vaughn, Seaver and Holing, of San Francisco, and C. H. Lay, of Phoenix, Arizona. The familiar faces of Rollie Heikes, of Ohio, Tom Marshall of Illinois, Al Hershey of New York, Williamson of St. Paul, and other famous Eastern trap shooters were missed at the tournament, but the Southern California shooters, especially the amateurs, did magnificent work. Holing, the San Francisco professional made the sensational score of forty-nine out of a possible fifty, in the shoot for the individual championship, and D. W. King, Jr., won second place among the professional shooters. Other splendid scores were made by J. E. Vaughn, of Orange, and H. McCoullough, of Santa Ana. The individual championship title is now held by Julian, of San Diego, with forty-eight out of a possible fifty, while Mead of Ontario, and King of Long Beach, broke forty-seven birds each, tying them for second place in the tournament.



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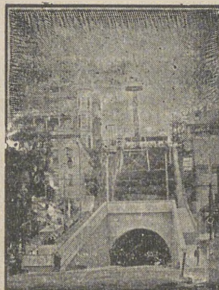
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SOUTH PARK—Take San Pedro Street Line.

CHUTES PARK—Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

BAND CONCERTS—Eastlake Park, and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

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provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

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The contest for the Tufts-Lyon medal was the most enthusiastic feature of the tournament and provided a grand contest between Hagerman and King. King held the lead at the start and was only beaten after a hard struggle by Hagerman, who broke twenty-two out of a possible twenty-five, while King made one less. At fifty birds Hagerman and King tied at forty-six.

Frank Schumacher, the genial and rich bachelor photographer, has at last decided to enjoy himself, and instead of devoting the greater part of his time to an exacting profession as he has done for years, he is going to divert himself, for a time at least, by travel. He has sold his studio in the Schumacher building, corner Spring and First streets, to Mr. E. L. Bowman, recently of San Francisco, and is to be found there every day saying farewell to old patrons. Mr. Bowman has many acquaintances in Los Angeles and has an enviable reputation in his profession. He was operator at the Marceau studio in 1902, at which time he had a large society and theatrical following. His portrait of Mrs. Scott MacKeown (Dorothy Studebaker), who was then a reigning beauty, was recently published in a European journal under the title, "An American Beauty."

Trying Out the Racers.

Walter Folsom, writes my yachting correspondent, took the Mischief II out for her trial trip last week and immediately found that she lacked ballast. In light airs the new racer sailed very fast as it took but little wind to list her over on to her lines. But as soon as the wind increased she went down too far and dragged the water. On returning to Terminal he arranged with Joe Fellows to have this matter rectified and, last Sunday, when he took her out again, found that the addition of twelve hundred pounds of interior ballast had greatly improved the hull power of the boat. Early next month, at the first convenient tide, she will be pulled out on the ways and the ballast added to her keel, where it will be far more effective than inside on top of the keel. Joe Pugh has the mast stepped in his new craft, the Monsoon, and expects to make the trial trip tomorrow. He has announced his intention of avoiding the Mischief II until the first race, so as not to give Mr. Folsom the advantage of a try-out. He says, however, that if the crew of the Mischief is willing to put up a cup for a scrub race, he will take them on any Sunday they like to name.

Yacht Club's Migration.

Much discussion is going on in the South Coast Yacht Club over the proposed removal to the outer harbor. Several of the old-timers are opposed to this, and I am half inclined to agree with them. In summer time the westerly wind sweeps down over the cliffs with great force, making landing in a small boat very difficult and sometimes a dangerous matter. Added to this the water is shoal for a long distance

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from the land, making it necessary to anchor half a mile from shore. The water, too, is choked with weeds and drift so that a launch is liable to get its propeller tangled with sea weed, a very serious matter as everybody who has experienced this knows. On the other hand the inner harbor is becoming so congested with craft lying at moorings that it is very hard to get in and out without accident and the slough off Joe Fellows's wharf is so shallow at low water that many of the yachts are on the mud. It seems that the best thing to do is to move outside and make the best of a bad job, patiently waiting until Lieut. Miner gets to work and finishes his scheme for filling in the shallows in the outer harbor. When this is done it will make an ideal place for a yacht club-house and wharf.

San Francisco, April 18, 1906.

At evening the city lay wrapped in its glory,
As fair as the white-pillared Athens of old;
With wide stretching bay, and sturdy green foothills,
And the sunset rays lighting its streets with gold.

Slowly came Night o'er the darkening ocean;
With bony hand grasping her sickle too keen
Came Death in her robes of heart-lowering blackness,
Close stalking to Night, but by mortal unseen.

The sky lighted up with the star gleam of evening,
The city streets brightened with song and good cheer,
But only the moan of the wide-weeping ocean
Gave sign that the reign of dread Death was so near.

Chased by the sunlight Night, scattered in silence,
When Death with derision and damnable glee
Stood forth in wild triumph, outstretching her talons,
And crying, "Ye mortals, heed ye unto me."

But the city, unmindful, slept peaceful and careless
While Death's cruel purpose in savage curse fell
Her cry was unheeded, and she in her anger
Screamed loud for her servants, the demons of Hell.

They echoed her laughter, they answered her bidding,
They shook all the beautiful, God-given world
Till its very heart sickened and quivered, was broken;
And into the darkness of Death's arms was hurled.

At evening the city lay wrapped in a mantle
Of horror, of anguish, of flame and of Death,
Of plague and of famine, of thirst and of darkness,
Till the very wind shuddered, and held its hot breath;

With wild shrieking cry Death stalked through the ruins,
And laughed at her horrible work as she ran,
"Man buildeth, Man planneth, but Man is a weakling,
And Death holds all power, and cares not for Man."

CARRIE REYNOLDS.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 21st, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on May 31st, 1906, viz.: John L. Vignes, Homestead Entry No. 9369, for the N. E. ¼ Section 19, Township 3 N., R. 16 W., S. B. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.:

Jonathan McMahon, of Chatsworth Park, Cal.

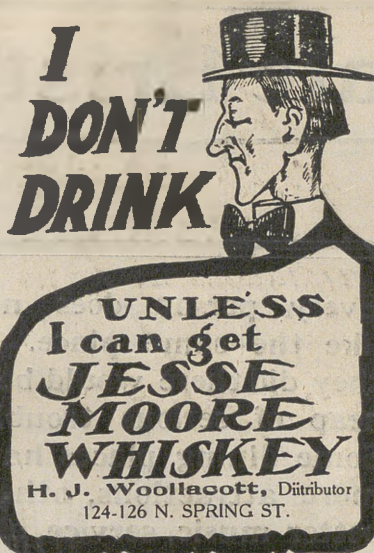
Mrs. Louise Naud, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Auguste Ferrier, of Newhall, Cal.

Miss Ella Lester, of Newhall, Cal.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

April 28—5t



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Whirl of the Week

Foreign.

The wonderful little seismograph—earthquake recorder—noted the San Francisco quake on the farther sides of both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In Japan and at various points in Europe scientists were told of the vibrations that wrought havoc in miles of San Francisco streets.

Extraordinarily warm weather is reported in England for the closing days of April. Heat apoplexy is the phrase used in Great Britain for the prostration that Americans commonly miscall sunstroke, and in London several cases of that kind have occurred, some of them being fatal.

National.

From Douglas, Ariz., comes the report of a most diabolical attempt to wreck a railway train. About 100 sticks of dynamite were placed on a track on which a train with 200 passengers was expected to pass. Fortunately the stuff was discovered by trackmen only five minutes before the coming of the train.

Reports from New York inspire confidence that all the eastern fire insurance companies having losses at San Francisco will be able to pay their policies in full. No apprehension is felt concerning the big foreign companies, as their business is so widely distributed in other countries that the losses at San Francisco will not cripple them seriously.

A notable anti-gambling crusade is in progress at Hot Springs, Ark. That famous health resort, like the more fashionable one at Saratoga, has long been a magnet of attraction for the gambling fraternity. Hot Springs gamblers have had a free hand every hour of the year, operating on the wide open door plan. Now there is not a gambling place in the city in operation.

Boss Shonts of the Panama canal is in New York again, explaining why the atmosphere of the isthmus is not dense with dust from the flying of dirt in digging the ditch. He says, "We wait only on a decision as to the character of the canal." The former French owners evidently forgot or declined to give a character as part of the deal.

State.

The National Guard has demonstrated the folly of giving bullets, bayonets and uniforms to children.

Neither the earthquake nor the conflagration appears to have been quite as terrifying in San Francisco as those Berkeley cadet striplings with guns who were assigned to protective duty. And those self-constituted vigilantes were even a greater terror than the cadets.

A copious source of venal police revenue may be cut off by the obliteration of San Francisco's Chinatown. The new habitat of the Chinese will be located "on the bay shore at the southern extremity of the county."

The total of the appropriations made by congress for the



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relief of San Francisco is \$2,500,000. As a further help for business revival the treasury department offers San Francisco bankers the use of \$15,000,000 of government money.

An expert declares, as a result of personal inspection, that "a conservative estimate of all the damage done by the earthquake would be \$10,000,000. The loss of life resulted from the tumbling of old and badly constructed buildings and fire caused fully nine-tenths of the property loss."

Enforced suspension of the academic year in both of the big California universities is an unwelcome result of the earthquake. Some of the buildings at Stanford are injured to such an extent that it is doubtful if they will be usable in time for the next term. The buildings of the state institution, as reported, are not materially injured, but it seems to have been deemed wise to end the term at once.

The impossibility of holding the national educational convention at San Francisco, next July, makes it probable that the gathering will occur at Los Angeles instead. Educators abroad who had intended to be present will not be satisfied with a switch-off from the journey to California.

Local.

A local clergyman said this to his congregation: "I congratulate San Francisco because this great sorrow is going to be the purification and the cleansing from sin and the consecration of its people for the services of the divine master." Such utterances tend to strengthen belief in the remarkable experience of Baalam, as recorded in the Bible.

It passes understanding to comprehend why the disaster at San Francisco should cause abandonment of the gathering of Shriners next month in Los Angeles. A campaign of geographical education abroad seems necessary to teach the lesson that there is a distinction between the San Francisco peninsula and the rest of the State of California.

Congress has just passed a bill giving to the Edison Electric company authority to occupy government lands in San Bernardino and San Gabriel forest reserves for power plants. The grant applies only to the use of such lands as may be necessary for power developing purposes.

It would seem that the San Francisco end of the railway link was the proper point at which to sift the refugees headed toward Los Angeles. The sifting process at this end of the line cannot result in a riddance of the undesirable element, and to warn that class to leave this neighborhood would merely cause their spreading to other Southern California communities.

There was no alarm among permanent residents of Los Angeles because of the seismic disaster up north, nor even when a slight temblor was experienced next day in this city. We all know that Los Angeles has no geological faults, no matter if a few of surface kind are visible.

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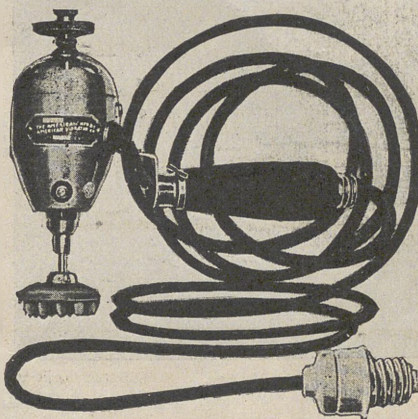
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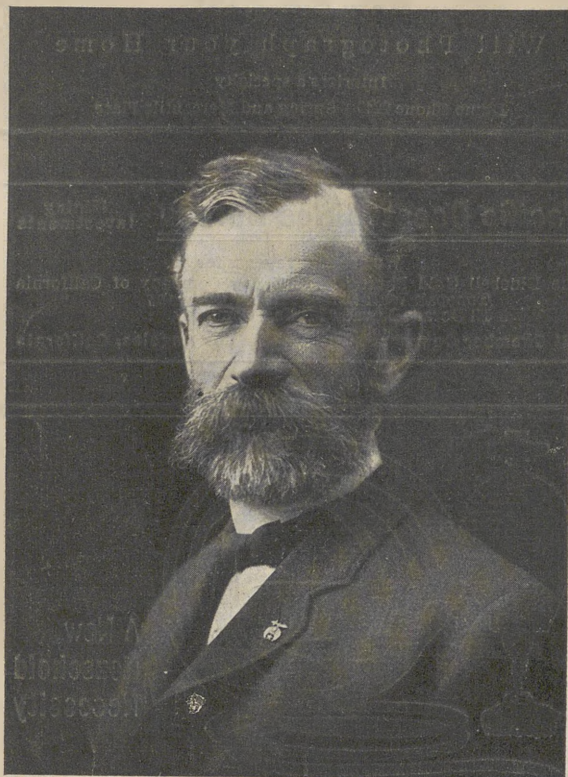
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Mr. and Mrs. George H. Stewart

Mr. George H. Stewart, one of the best known citizens of Los Angeles, of whom a character sketch and less faithful portrait than above appears elsewhere in this issue, was married last Saturday, April 21, to Mrs. Elizabeth D. Jenkins of Nebraska, and the happy pair are now on their way home. Mrs.

Stewart was a visitor here last autumn at the home of Mrs. J. A. Johnson, a sister of Mr. Stewart, and already has many friends in this city; she is a woman of rare charm and refinement, and will be a welcome addition to local society.

Deborah's Diary

Was ever perfect love taught through fear? I cannot believe so, and although Uncle Josephus shakes his wise old head reprovingly, I am sure he agrees with me. Two friends of Uncle Josephus were discussing the recent disaster at San Francisco in my hearing. Said one, "Some merciful Providence moved me to bring my wife and little ones down to Los Angeles before the earthquake. I thank God every day for sparing us the awful experience." The absolute selfishness of this remark appalled me. What of those unfortunates who were left in the stricken city to face death, fire, famine, thirst, and dread disease? Where was the "Merciful Providence" for those poor souls? The other man bowed his head reverently. "It was God's will, and therefore just," he replied. A picture came to me—the picture of a City Desolate, whose great throbbing heart was stilled, whose massive buildings were in the grasp of Ruin: of empty blackened streets with the debris piled high: here a woman lying, here a pitiful burned face upturned to the smoke-obscured sky—there a tiny baby crushed and mangled—ponder the remains of a man, his face ghastly with the horror his eyes had beheld ere merciful death claimed him. I heard the cries of men who searched among the ruins for what made life worth living, of women who mourned for the little children lost in the city

of the dead; I saw babies, wide-eyes wistful, with hot, dry lips and feverish faces, crying for water and food. God's people, made in His image, stricken down by some unseen hand! And they that call themselves Christians bow their heads, and murmur, "It was His avenging hand—His will." Can man truly love such an unworthy, ungodly God? Can man truly believe in His eternal wisdom and kindness if man believe that God would destroy the culmination of the hopes and desires of weary years? The heathen worship their carved idols—through fear. Some crafty teacher may destroy the idol and set up a new and terrifying one, and the heathen worship it—through fear. Are our Christians better than heathen if they worship God simply through their fear of his vengeance, and is there not danger of a new God being set up? Nature is merciless, and her laws must be obeyed. Let us not blaspheme and say that God sends the things that strike terror to the very soul of the world, but let us worship Him as an all-seeing, all-loving power, with infinite pity for His stricken people and sorrow for the things that have to be. Then will perfect love cast out all fear, and there will come to us "that peace which passeth all understanding."

"Look for the woman in the case!" I have heard that expression so many times that I have a special antipathy against it. Should a man steal, commit crime or suicide, the same old, worn-out expression

is heard from cynical men. When I hear a man say cynical things of the gentle sex, however, I immediately "look for the woman in the case." And such a cynic is always a mental coward. Because some woman has proved herself unworthy of both him and her name, he believes good of no woman on earth. Because there was an unworthy woman in his life he goes his blind, foolish way, losing the best the world holds out to him, saying cutting, sneering things, estranging his friends, and afraid, actually afraid, to face the world again. He allows the woman, who he claims has wrecked his life to boast over her victory and to gloat over the fact that he still cares for her. The man who holds up his head in spite of the fact that he has been hurt by a woman, who does not become cynical, who looks for and finds the good, whole-souled women who he knows are numerous in this world, is the man who makes history; and the world is better for having known him.

DEB.

I am told that the Fowler Shanklands are rejoicing over a visit of the stork. The newcomer is a baby girl, and the father's smiles are as expansive as his classic countenance permits.

Are Women's Clubs Worth While

BY THE CLUB WOMAN

V.

The Ebell Club

It is really a great privilege to belong to the Ebell club now that it has a new home that is larger and more impressive than that of the Friday Morning club. Many of us women belong to both organizations, for the reason that we desire to keep in touch with the celebrities that appear before the Friday Morning club, while at the same time we like to have a chance of recognition in a club where there is not an Inner Circle of Culture, that has a chance

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\$3.50 \$4 \$5.00 up to \$7

to obtain all the offices and get its separate names in the newspapers. Of course, I do not mean that members of the Friday Morning court the sort of prominence that the society columns give, but it is difficult for any but the women who are charter members or friends of charter members to achieve places on the platform. For my part, I have never desired to sit in public on the stage, but sometimes, when I have felt that my talents had not been sufficiently recognized in the appointment of committees, I have noticed that the pale yellow background is frightfully trying to complexions and that its flatness prevented the figure from being properly impressive. It would be impossible for Sappho herself to make a distinct picture on the platform of the Friday Morning club.

But I am not considering the Friday Morning club, except in a subordinate way. I have been rather partial to the Ebell lately. There is a certain amount of cordiality among the members, and one need not feel conscious that one is wearing a gored skirt instead of a circular one. We are earnest in the Ebell and we speak in a tone of Christian tolerance when we mention the Friday Morning club. There is a peculiar psychological influence in the new building that causes one to be quite disloyal to one's other affiliations. The Ebell club has had to assume a sort of a challenging attitude. We have been insistent concerning our prestige. We have constantly reminded everyone that we are first in many things—especially our earnestness. Unfortunately, this spirit has been more or less introspective and we have had a few internal dissensions—no, dissensions is too unpleasant a word—we have had differences of opinion concerning the election of officers.

Our almost dogged determination to be foremost and our earnestness were too noticeable at the mass meeting called last week to devise means of aiding the San Francisco earthquake sufferers. There were times when I knew that I was much more Friday Morning club in my sympathies and methods than Ebell. There were club women of every sort present, fully three hundred of them, and they were all in a state of sympathy—the sort that sighs and yearns to do something. I was in that mood myself, and when Mrs. R. L. Craig, the chairman, called us to order I was ready to offer my Easter tailor-made to a San Francisco chairwoman, if she really needed it, but before the session adjourned, I had experienced a revulsion of feeling. There was enough oratory to enable me to have time to think how likely some one else would be to provide good sensible clothes for the chairwoman. It was all right for those of us, who can speak in round tones that are "properly placed" to tell one another that our tears were flowing for San Francisco and that the flood gates of our hearts were opened, but somehow we women cannot trust ourselves to indulge in pathos and pity. We are likely to overdo what I call the mood of moisture.

We did at the mass meeting. While the men on the Chamber of Commerce committee were waiting for us to find out what we ought to do, we became positively maudlin. It was then that I had time to think that perhaps \$10 was about as much as I could afford. While I sat there in Blanchard Hall for two hours I reduced the list of things I meant

to give to my old evening coat, which a refugee might have dyed, my four last year's shirt waists and a lot of chemisettes that have been washed until they are horrid.

When I went to the meeting I had fully made up my mind to pack a suit case with a complete outfit—everything that a gentlewoman might need, even to toilet soap, massage creams and face powder. Well, while the tears were trickling, I began—figuratively—to take things out of that suit case and by the time we had adjourned there was not even the suit case left. I had found out that I could pack the shirt waists and evening coat in a pasteboard box. It seemed as if the sufferers were in horrible need of everything I did not want, and as if they ought not to need anything I could not give up without a pang. That is the way the speeches affected me. They were good speeches, but I had time to be conscious that my stock of universal sisterhood generosity was diminishing.

But I began to tell why I did not like the Ebell's attitude. We were too insistent on being recognized as club women. Our members wanted every box marked "From the District Federation of Women's clubs, Los Angeles." Aside from the fact that the marking would have delayed the supplies several days—I wonder why everything that women organize have such long names—it seemed to me bad taste to want club fame at a time of such distress. It offended my fastidiousness. Of course it made me shudder when several hisses were heard, but I thought we needed the rebuke. While the blame did not necessarily rest altogether with the Ebell club, it happened to be the expression of our recent spirit. We want to have the center of the stage.

When that Native Son president came in from working with his hands and implored the women to Do and not to Talk, I applauded him. He had provided for at least a hundred persons while we were discussing labels. He said we must work fast and we have really done a lot since then.

It was urged that we should give baby clothes. I wonder how many club women have left or how many ever needed any. I could not help speculating on that question. I thought one or two women looked a little shocked because the babies chose such an inopportune time to arrive. Women who never have any children are so superior and haughty



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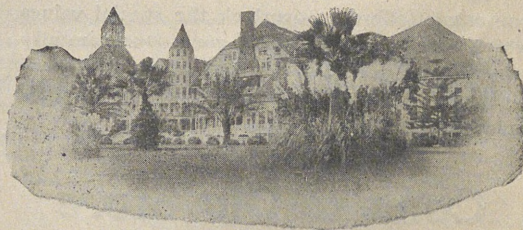
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about babies! When the baby clothes were mentioned, my heart softened. Mentally I put back a lot of the things I had taken out of the dress suit case and I added a soft bath robe and a lot of tiny slips that I have kept in lavender more years than I want to count.

After the meeting, I hastened to the Boston store to buy the bathrobe for some baby's mother and there I saw a sight that made me so ashamed of myself that I cannot forget it. Almost all the girl clerks were sewing on tiny outing flannel garments for the new babies in the ruined city. It was wonderful what some of them had done between times when there was no one buying anything. I added another \$10 to my subscription, but even though I know that if I gave several hundred dollars and sent a wardrobe for a whole family, I would not be proportionately as generous as the women who earn their livings, I am giving inadequately with more or less ostentation!

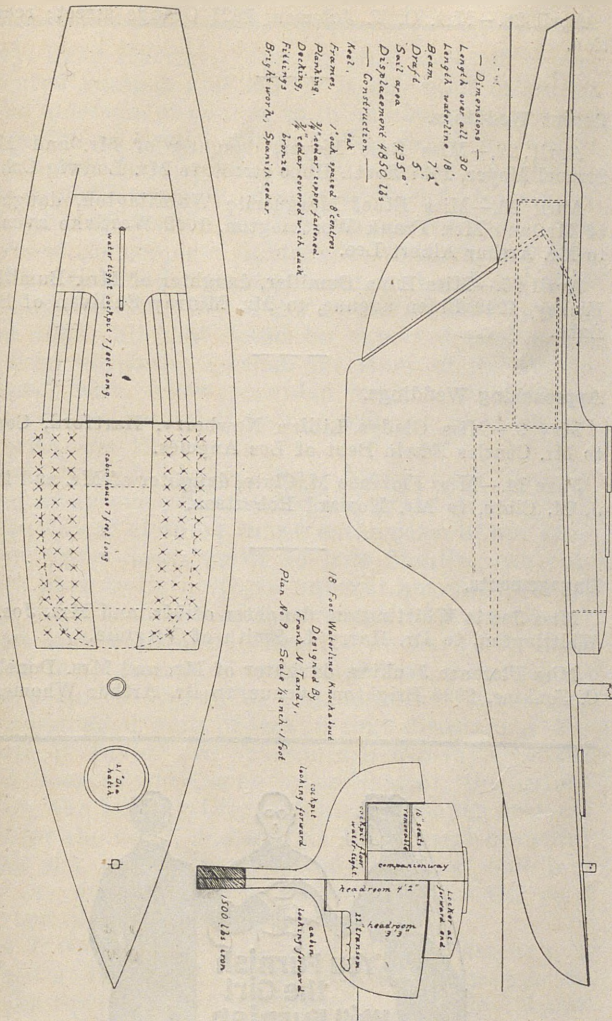
I am attending all the benefits and incidentally enjoying myself! My name is on several committees, but how much have I denied myself? There, I am becoming analytical again. It is always most uncomfortable to be the least bit philosophical. Often I wish I had not inherited what is a tendency to be almost logical.

That reminds me of a misunderstanding I had with one of our Ebell members—a widow with lots of culture and limited feeling. She had wept about her dear friends in San Francisco and she became almost hysterical in the midst of the speeches. Her demonstrations astonished me, and I asked about whom she worried and she said, "Oh, all my friends." With my usual inclination to analyze, I answered, "Ah, a sort of syndicate sorrow?" There may have been a little sound of doubt and amusement in my tone for she gave me her, "I fail to grovel on your mental plane" stare, and said: "It is certainly not a time for jesting." I agreed with her and apologized, but a few moments later she said that "he had been at the—in San Francisco a week," and she explained that he was an old friend of her mother. I thought the poor old man must have been too infirm to travel alone, for the woman is not young and her mother's contemporary ought to be eligible to membership among the War of 1812 veterans. The remark explained the tears, however, and I was sorry I had been horrid. Even though she was on the losing side in the recent election troubles, I have enough lingering sentiment to love a lover even though the object of his affections is not one of my favorite members, and it is a shock to connect any romance with her.

There, I do feel the calamity at San Francisco. I believe it will cause us to recognize our duties to our fellow travelers in this strange world and I know it will teach us many lessons that prove human nature still retains the spark of divinity. I think I ought to give of my best, just to prove to myself that I am not so much worse than the women in humbler walks of life. Yet I know I am horribly selfish and—and feminine in the worst sense of the word.

But I didn't want "From the District Federation of Women's Club's" marked on my dress suit case. By the way, I mean to send a trunk and I have bought enough baby clothes for twins.

SKETCH OF PROPOSED KNOCKABOUT FOR ONE DESIGN CLASS



The first of the eighteen-foot waterline knockabout yachts is set up and in frame at Joe Fellows's yacht yard at Terminal Island. This boat is being built from the designs of Frank M. Tandy. The sketch will give a good idea of the size and accommodations of this little yacht. One should see the boat out of water to get a good idea of the shape of the hull which certainly has very fine and speedy lines. The ballast being all outside and at the bottom of the fin keel assures seaworthy qualities. The good proportion of ballast, displacement, sail area, and dimensions is what all yachtsmen are seeking. Those who are interested are anxious to see at least a class of ten or twelve of these boats built from the same plans and to give a series of races this summer. Yacht racing in one design classes is becoming more popular every year. The most desirable type is the eighteen-foot waterline knockabout such as is being built by Mr. Fellows. Boats of this kind are not only suitable for racing but for afternoon party sailing and for short cruises.



Mothers' Stories
About Their Babies

No. 21.

Sunbrights California Food Co.,

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Our little baby Margaret began using Sunbrights California Food in March, when she was twenty-one months old and weighed but eleven pounds, and when, in the opinion of our physician there was no likelihood of her living. She has used the food most successfully and now weighs

twenty-five pounds; is still using the food and is in perfect health. We enclose her picture. This tells the whole story. Yours very truly, MRS. D. S. HALLECK, Fresno, Cal.

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Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Burnett and Miss Burnett leave next week for Europe.

Mrs. Fred A. Walton, who has been visiting friends in Berkeley and Oakland, has returned to Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. F. Conroy and daughters of 500 West Thirtieth street have returned from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Foy of San Francisco are the guests of Mrs. Samuel Calvert Foy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pollock, who have been in San Francisco for some months, have returned.

Miss Lily O'Connor of San Francisco is the guest of Col. and Mrs. I. H. Polk at 416 Court street.

Announcement is made by Mrs. William Parish Jeffries and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell that their luncheon which was to have taken place this week has been indefinitely postponed.

Miss Bonnye Anderson and Miss Mercedes De Luna who have been students at Stanford University escaped injury in the recent disaster.

Mrs. J. B. Brackett and Mrs. H. K. Wheeler have recalled all invitations for their reception, which was to have taken place April 27.

Miss Pauline Curran of 2121 Thompson is expecting to start for Japan next week.

Mrs. Helen Steckel has recalled all invitations for her luncheon at the Country Club, on account of the San Francisco disaster.

Late arrivals at the del Coronado from Los Angeles are Mrs. W. S. Hook, Messrs. Sumner P. Vickers, Henry Schuyler, F. M. Byron, Helen Gilmore, Rol King, D. M. McDonald, and Mrs. Uldric J. Marchand.

Receptions, Etc.

April 21.—Mrs. L. C. Becker, Hotel Alexandria; luncheon for Miss Edith Barrett.

April 21.—Mrs. Francis Bates; luncheon for Misses Jenkins, Clute, Field and Worthington.

April 21.—Miss Daisy Moore, Magnolia avenue; luncheon and matinee party for Miss Edna Bumiller.

April 25.—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun, Chester Place; dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Hasslach of New York.

April 25.—Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand and Mrs. Jefferson Gibbs; musicale.

April 26.—Mrs. Chas. J. Lehman and Mrs. William De Groot, Hinman Hotel; card party.

April 26.—Mrs. Elmer Cole, 680 Rampart street; card party.



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April 26.—Mrs. Cliff Page, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, and Mrs. Albert Crutcher; reception.

April 26.—Mrs. O. T. Johnson, 1221 Orange street; reception.

Recent Weddings.

April 22.—Miss Rose Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Meyer, 1337 South Hope street, to Mr. Ludwig Cehiff.

April 23.—Miss Ethel Marguerite Worthington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Worthington, 1032 Westlake avenue, to Mr. Arthur Albert Lee.

April 25.—Miss Edna Bumiller, daughter of Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey, 1049 Elden avenue, to Mr. Murray Sullivan of Salt Lake.

Approaching Weddings.

May 9.—Miss Gladys Lillian Newberry, Hartford, Conn., to Mr. Charles Edwin Bent of Los Angeles.

June 14.—Miss Florence M. Clute, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clute, to Mr. Howard Robertson.

Engagements.

Miss Jessie Whittington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. C. Whittington, to Dr. Harry L. Smith of Virginia.

Miss Florence Jenkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donelson C. Jenkins, 2926 Brighton avenue, to Dr. Arthur Whomes.



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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet: During this week of unprecedented anguish and misery it has been quite out of the question, of course, to think about clothes and stores full of pretty things. Who cared for a new gown when they dreaded every moment that it possibly might have to be of somber black? Now, however, the oppression in the atmosphere and in the hearts of the people is lightened; we learn that most of the stricken ones are doing well and are wonderfully cheerful. We of this blessed Angel City have done about all that could be expected, and more, for their comfort. I relish the story of the Italian refugee, who, when provided with a comfortable evening meal, asked if there "weren't no olives going with this?"

Well, and so, having now for a week steadily given away everything we could possibly part with in the way of clothing in the enthusiasm of our sympathy, from down quilts to lace nighties, we ourselves have to do quite an unusual amount of shopping, in each and every department to replenish our homes and wardrobes. Besides we have any number of the smartest of erstwhile wealthy San Francisco people to attend to. Among other stores that are overloaded with orders in that direction is Mr. George P. Taylor's of 525 South Broadway. On the third floor of this same establishment, the ladies' tailors, the Dirmer Cie, is doing a rushing business both for the north and south. I saw some beautiful Rajah silk gowns there in the course of building, and, as you know, these people turn out the very smartest of tailor-made girls and gowns.

As I walked down to good old Blackstone's, I noticed at least half a dozen San Franciscans heading for Spring and Main streets. How do I know they were from there, my dear? Simply because never a one of them passed a half completed tall building without looking in anxiety upwards to see if something wasn't going to land on their heads. Poor things, they have all gotten into the dodging habit, and seem to want most unnecessarily to climb over things instead of walking steadily over our

peaceful pavements. Well, as I was talking of tailor-made gowns, I must tell you that in Blackstone's I found one of the most complete selections of the latest things in these materials. Grey is very much in the lead of the color scheme this year, you know, —queen grey and London grey and Dover grey. Everything in a plaid effect, some of these grey and white plaids in all wool, very wide mixtures, came in large square block patterns and were most stunning. The one that "touched my heart" though, as a lovely little novelty, was shown in Blackstone's also as a King Edward Tartan. A beautiful line of coloring, and reminiscent of kilts and Highland breeks. It was nicely appropriate, too, to have these nice bits shown to you by a tall Scotchman with a charming accent. For uncut materials in these all-wool goods in the latest patterns "it is to Blackstone's."

In the Boston store I met a benevolent lady friend, who had just purchased a whole bunch of the daintiest little boys' suits in the very latest style and mode for poorly clad refugees. Imagine the pride of some little fellow in a Peter Thompson suit, for the first time in his life. Some of the suits in the Boston store are quite the smartest things. They range from one to about twelve or fourteen years, and can be had from a dollar and a half way up, up, up! The motherly heart seems to beat very strongly in the Los Angeles female bosom, notwithstanding this great "race suicide" twaddle. I was told in this most delightful of all children's departments, that the women had simply bought outfits by the hundreds there for the refugee children. At first it was a rush for the babies' things—the wee tots, and these nice matrons and many young girls didn't always buy the cheapest they could find by any means. I expect some of these little tots don't mind having lost all of their original wardrobe at all events. I saw some splendid summer suits for boys and girls there, in the linen and duck materials with sailor collars of red or blue on the white, and so stunningly finished. Little white box-coats in duck or crash linen with gold anchored buttons and big collars. This is a dangerous department for the "mother of many" to approach. I assure you, Harriet, not that the prices are exorbitant at all, but because you want to buy almost everything you see for one or other of the kidlets. If there were to be a fire in Los Angeles and I was out a looting on my own behalf, I'd attack the boys' and girls' department in the Boston Store first off.

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Just a hint of what our stock offers in these well-nigh indispensable overgarments:

Black taffeta braid trimmed Etons; the cool and durable natural pongees, and fine white lace Jackets, each with those little artistic touches which distinguish them from those ordinarily shown, are here in diversity.

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Coulter's this morning was calling for help when you mentioned fire in San Francisco. Nothing else for a week or more has been mentioned, so I was equally pleased when my friend, Mr. Priddy asked me if I could manage to break away, and tell you of some things very wonderful for our own home life and summer and evening gowns. They have just set out and arranged in many columns deep the largest and most varied assortment of lace chiffon ruching in the whole city, possibly on the Coast. Certainly now since the—there! I was just going to begin again on that story, wasn't I? Well, my child, it is wonderful what is doing and going to be done this season with these dainty little ruchings and frilllets. They have them to match every color of toilette blues and pinks, greys and lilacs, and with some gilt edged and some silver mounted, these make a really wonderful display. You know this short sleeved fashion demands innumerable little frills and ruches, then every neck collar must be finished with one; so when I asked the pretty little saleslady how on earth she could ever expect to sell them all, she just smiled and looked "knowing". A very useful idea have these Coulter people in this line, in having ready put up boxes of half a dozen different patterns in this same neckwear, some in tiny valenciennes, some in gilt edge most beautifully finished, and some in soft chiffon; just a neck length all ready to stitch in the collar; they come at 25 to 50 cents a box, and are going to be much in demand, as time savers as well as becoming trimmings.

I told you didn't I, dear girl, of the spring day some time ago at the Marvel Millinery Store? That splendid big emporium at 241 South Broadway. Well, I dropped in there this morning just to see what was doing and imagined they must be "at it" again. The place was just crowded, and I didn't wonder when I saw the quantities of lovely hats they have on show. The sailor is still in the lead and very many lovely ones with exquisite flowered "back views" I saw in their establishment. What I like about the "Marvel" is, you can get a hat that looks mightily smart to suit your purse, even if you haven't "money to burn," and if you have luck, they can "do you proud" in the swellest models and "imported Frenchies" in the city. They carry the largest display of flowers in every color and shade in every kind and sort in this city, and very tempting and natural they all look in their glass cases and big baskets.

In the Ville de Paris I was shown some ravishing cool things in negligée gowns like dainty matinée jackets, in empire style and kimono effects, all be-ribboned and inserted with laces and other female fripperies. Some long cool morning gowns in organdie and dotted Swiss: soft mull things in the most fetching styles, with deep collars and short empire backs. All ready and waiting for a warm summer's morning and an interesting little "dejeuner a deux." The Ville de Paris doesn't ever miss an opportunity in this cool lacy mode. Their summer outfit this year in cool lawns is most complete, and as novel as charming.

Well, dear girl, it is time to say good bye once more.

Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

S. Figueroa St., April twenty-fifth.

On the Stage and Off

The prevailing gloom caused by the news of San Francisco's great catastrophe has naturally interfered with the attendance at the local theaters and business in theatrical circles is consequently bad. That it will pick up again shortly is beyond a doubt, but just at present people are doing so much in the various relief projects that are being carried out, and assisting in various practical ways to care for refugees, and have had so much anxiety about their relations and absent friends, that the keen edge of enjoyment has become, for the time, quite dulled.

The Eastern company presenting "The Lion and the Mouse" managed to get here from San Francisco so as to open on time at the Mason Opera house last Monday. The drama is in four acts, the first of which is dull and uninteresting, bringing on a number of characters that are not afterwards heard of or seen in the progress of the story. The lion is a financial one, the richest man on earth, and deprived of the glamour cast around him by distance and mystery, the hero of frenzied finance is a disappointing mortal. No doubt Mr. Arthur Byron succeeds in giving a strong and artistically consistent picture of the great man, who, while disposing of the destinies of thousands, is yet incapable of controlling his own household, but the net result of his portrayal is, after all, to prove that men are of common clay, and that the possession of boundless wealth does not give its owner the things he most wants, nor exempt him from the cares that make his position one of continual unrest. Power is his god and his disappointment comes when he finds that there are things that money can not accomplish. Mr. Byron's capitalist is typical in showing the hard, brutal and unfeeling characteristics of the man who is simply a money making and power wielding machine, and the actor is successful in making prominent the disagreeable side of the role, the author giving him no chance for anything else.

The mouse is a queer young woman, the product also of modern civilization, who at the age of twenty-four writes a novel that becomes one of the "best sellers," and who for the purpose of vindicating her wronged father engages in a course of deception that puts an ordinary theatrical adventuress to shame. In the mind of the "mouse" the end justifies the means, so she launches upon a scheme of lying and misrepresentation that is successful to the extent that the lion finally capitulates and the ill-assorted group is supposed afterwards to sit down at the family table in peace and harmony—a harmony that it is easy to foresee will result in the lion making a very small mouthful of the mouse as in the fable of the lion and the lamb lying down together in peace, the latter inside of the former.

Gertrude Coghlan as the respectable adventuress is a young lady whose physical equipment for the part is hardly adequate, albeit she does raise a storm of applause for her denunciation of the "octopus" at the end of the third act. Her model in the study of dramatic art is evidently Mrs. Fiske, with the addition of a lisp that appears to be natural rather than acquired as is the fad of today upon the stage.

The love interest in the story is quite tame, the

rebellious son of the arch-millionaire being a very commonplace young man, acted in a very commonplace way. In fact, the intention seems to be to subdue the coloring of all members of the cast in order to bring the two principal personages into greater prominence. The exception is in the case of the alleged scion of English nobility who excites a temporary interest because he is so entirely out of the picture, and the wonder grows as to where the actor got the material for his caricature.

Shakespeare's birthday is being fittingly celebrated this week in the local presentations given by Constance Crawley and her company of condensed versions of some of his most famous plays.

Miss Crawley's work deserves something more than a passing notice for two reasons. First, she has not attempted to give the Master's works in their entirety and therefore challenges no comparison with the elaborate detail of modern scenic revivals, but she has selected such scenes as she could illuminate with her own individual talent in the personification of the central figure, and, secondly, she has given these selected scenes in a novel and artistic manner, combining the simplicity of the Elizabethan stage with the modern advantages of subdued lighting and artistic musical accompaniment. The advantages of this method of presenting the Shakesperian masterpieces are obvious. It gives satisfaction not only to the student, but to the much larger class of people who, while they admire dramatic art and have respect for Shakesperian productions, do not want to sit through five acts of tragely or comedy presented in the manner common to the modern stage. Liberal excision of lines and scenes is practiced in all the modern presentations of Shakespeare, and Miss Crawley has simply gone a step farther in combining the chief scenes that embody the action of the character chosen for illustration.

For example, in presenting the character of Hamlet the lady chooses only those scenes which bring the moody Danish prince on the stage, and in herself personating the chief character she follows a precedent established by some striking exemplars of her own sex. Miss Crawley's Hamlet naturally brings into prominence certain feminine characteristics that distinguish this great Shakesperian creation, notably his extreme sensitiveness. The impersonation, however, is not lacking in virility and the combination is at once pleasing and powerful. Miss Crawley is gifted with a sympathetic voice which she uses with decided effect, making a strong contrast with the tenderness of the Juliet whom she presents later in the same program.

The arrangement of the stage is quite original, particularly in the lighting effects which are artistically subdued so as to render an effect in keeping with the atmosphere of the play.

Miss Crawley's support is adequate for the purpose she has in view, the characters being handsomely costumed and the lines being distinctly spoken. Mr. Arthur Maude, Mr. Allan Leiber and Miss Margaret Bucklin bear the chief burden of the work, and the other characters are acceptably filled.

At Morosco's Burbank "Barbara Frietchie" is revived for the week, and is well played. The genial Robert Morris is back to his old post as stage man-

ager and plays his former part as the taciturn soldier with great effect. Elsie Esmond, looking better than ever, is also back in the company. Mestayer is ruining his voice by the wild intensity with which he plays the character of Jack Negley. Miss Hall enacts Barbara with an unusual earnestness, and the play goes with great spirit.

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At Belasco's "The Pretty Sister of José," gives Miss Langham a chance to distinguish herself, while Mr. De Grasse, who is an actor, plays the leading male part.

The Orpheum will probably be inconvenienced for a short time by the break in their chain of attractions which have been regularly sent from the San Francisco house heretofore, but the resources of this organization are sufficient to deal with the situation and fine attractions will not be wanting.

GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

Trusty Tips to Theater Goers

Mason.—Commencing next Tuesday evening, and for five nights with a Saturday matinée, the funniest of modern comedies, "A Message from Mars," will be on the bill. This was the play in which Charles Hawtrey, the English comedian, convulsed New York.

Morosco's.—"Fanchon, the Cricket," a delightful play, in which Blanche Hall should be seen to admirable advantage, will be the bill next week.

Belasco's.—"The Pretty Sister of Jose," will give way next week to the ever hilarious farce, "Brown's in Town." George Barnum and his clever colleagues of the stock company are certain to keep up the merry traditions of the piece.

Orpheum.—Harry Tate's English comedy company will present the latest satire on the automobile craze entitled "Motoring", for the week commencing next Monday night. The characters in this piece are said to be so realistic that they seem to have stepped out of Phil May's sketch book. Mlle. Lotty will be seen in her original "poses plastique." Charles R. Sweet, nicknamed "The Burglar", will have an eccentric monologue. Armstrong and Holly bring their farce skit, "The Expressman." Hold-over are Paul Kleist, in his spectacular musical novelty, Artie Hall, the vivacious coon shouter, Jimmy Wall in black, and Goleman's trained dogs and cats. New motion pictures. Matinees daily except Monday.

Grand.—The Ulrich Stock Company will present "Camille" for the week commencing Sunday matinee, with Corinne Snell in the title role.

Hotchkiss.—"The Chimes of Normandy" will be the bill next week. Robert Planquette's legendary musical poem will always be new in the possession of that refreshing charm of simplicity for which the score and book of this opera are justly celebrated. Miss Kendall's interpretation of Serpolette is in one of her happiest moods. Miss De Val will be the lost Marchioness Germaine. William West and Robert Pitkin will be cast respectively in the roles of the miser Gaspard and the romantic marquis.

Advanced pupils of the Leo Cooper School of Dramatic Art gave a thoroughly praiseworthy performance of Robertson's comedy "Caste" last Thursday evening. As a curtain raiser, "On His Devoted Head" was played by Mr. Cooper himself and Miss Griffin, the latter enacting a difficult role with easy grace and fine intelligence. In "Caste" Mr. Burgess as Sam Gerridge and Mr. Noreutt as Old Eccles. Miss Jane Houston as the Marquise de St. Maur and Miss Mabel Penwick as Polly Eccles especially distinguished themselves.



Prof. C. I. Irwin
Bass Soloist and Teacher

Professor Irwin, who has lately arrived in Los Angeles and has accepted the musical directorship of the First Presbyterian church, has high endorsement from musical authorities in the East. He is not only gifted with a fine bass voice but as a teacher of a modern and thoroughly practical method has proved exceedingly successful in training singers.

Among many prizes that Prof. Irwin has won in musical contests may be mentioned his successful laurels for bass solo work at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, where he secured second prize in a field of many distinguished contestants.

A Boston exchange says: "Prof. C. J. Irwin is a celebrated singer having a magnificent bass voice. Previous to leaving for Boston he graduated with success from the Ohio Northern University in voice, harmony and musical history. On arriving at Boston he went to study under the guidance of Ivan Morowski, the celebrated teacher of the voice, which has resulted in his natural and powerful bass voice being brought out to the best advantage."

Professor Irwin has taken up his residence in this city at 1108 King street, where he has established a studio.

By a provision in the contracts of the Metropolitan opera singers, the management is exempted from paying salaries when performances are prohibited "by acts of God." Consequently Mr. Conried will have no salaries to pay after his performance of "Carmen" at San Francisco. His scenery and properties were well insured, and at any rate much of both are useless after a season on the road.

In the Musical World

One of the things Los Angeles musicians must prepare for is an influx of professional and semi-professional people from San Francisco. The latter element is the more to be dreaded, as it has neither conscience, decency nor dignity. In it are classified the "pin-money" and "cigar-money" musicians—the people who have enough to live on from their husbands or their regular businesses, yet will take pupils at low rates and will undermine capable professionals in securing church positions at every opportunity.

Whoever is needy will be kindly received and given the best Los Angeles affords. But the musicians in the local field must be ready to feel the cut on their incomes that arises from an over supply added to the surplus we have already.

The musical fraternity has added its many dollars to the relief fund. Let us compare for a minute: a millionaire gives to this good work, \$1,000; he is listed at \$3,000,000 (I am taking a concrete instance). His income is \$200,000 a year, that is \$700 a day, \$100 a working hour. He gave the income of a day and a half. Now the musician who makes \$1500 a year and who gives \$6 to the relief of his suffering neighbors, does much more in proportion than the millionaire who gives his thousand.

More than this: the musician may give in that \$6 one-thirtieth of his year's savings, while had the millionaire given one-thirtieth of his net income for the year it would have amounted to about \$6,500.

So it looks to me that these many \$5 and \$10 subscriptions to the relief fund are really larger than the \$1,000 and \$2,000 and \$5,000 figures that are so ostentatiously heralded at the head of the columns of the daily press.

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L. E. G. MACLEOD Director

It is hardly probable that Los Angeles will suffer as much in musical matters as in dramatic from the wiping out of the theaters and concert halls of San Francisco. Contracts are made a long way in advance by musical artists and theatrical companies. A good portion of the great performers who will play and sing in Los Angeles next season have already signed contracts to that effect, or have done so in the persons of their managers.

In the matter of bringing artists to Los Angeles, L. E. Behymer stands easily first. He worked in conjunction with a San Francisco manager and between them the coast territory was well covered. Now that it will be impossible to give many of the concerts billed for San Francisco, Mr. Behymer has wired to his list of artists or their managers that he stands ready to fill the time that was assigned to San Francisco, and in this way the musicians will not suffer loss. In certain of the cases, had this not been done the artists would not have undertaken to come west of Kansas City or Denver.

Among the musical attractions for next season there will be Rosenthal, Petschnikoff, Lehvinne (Russian pianist), Schuman-Heink, Besse's English band, Nordica, Kubelik, and other attractions. Mr. Behymer also handles the lectures of Booth, La Follette, R. H. Conwell, W. J. Bryan, D. H. Hillis, J. K. Bangs, Dr. John Watson, and W. J. Dawson.

Doubtless many of these will be glad to have Mr. Behymer manage the time that would have been vacated otherwise, and the result will be that Los Angeles will have more music than its normal share, for in a number of cases the concert givers will appear two or three times here when only once was originally booked.

Mr. Jahn has good cause to congratulate himself on the outcome of the concert of the Choral society last week, looking at it from an artistic standpoint. The chorus was quite well prepared for its tasks, the orchestra had an able leader and wandered less than usual, and the five soloists were among the best that could be selected from local singers. In fact it would be hard to find in any city of the size of this three more pleasing women's voices than those of Mmes. Collette and Robbins and Miss Davies.

But it was hard luck to have to give a performance notable for its few rather than its many blemishes before so small an audience as that gathered at Mason the Opera House on this occasion; yet such a paucity of numbers was to be expected in the face of two facts: that Los Angeles will not turn out an audience respectable in size to hear choral performances and that the public was harrassed by fear and sympathy on account of the San Francisco disaster.

If Mr. Jahn's forces will join those of Mr. Schoenfeld promptly there may yet be another and greater concert before the season closes. This could be done for the opening of the new Auditorium, if not practical this spring. As to when that building will be done—just add four months to the estimated time and one may approximate the date. Call it next Christmas.

The new combined chorus of 300 real singers, the "padding" of both societies being dropped, the whole symphony orchestra added, all under Mr. Schoenfeld's direction, and the great \$30,000 organ

manipulated by as skilled an organist as Bruce Kingsley—all this would make a dedication festival that would be notable in the musical annals of the West. And then the good Dr. "Bob" might make a speech!

Mr. Russo also did his best to get out an audience to his benefit concert but he failed as did Mr. Jahn. Russo's concert was well worth hearing, but it was expecting too much that people who were giving their time and money liberally without any such bait as a musical program should, after a hard day's work, go to listen to a program in order to get a chance to give more. There is too much sorrow and anxiety in Los Angeles this week for concert-givers to do well.

In Chicago there has been organized a club called the "Musical Art Society," a choral organization under the baton of Clarence Dickinson for the study of works of the Bach period. This consists of forty singers chosen for their vocal ability. Such a society was started last fall in Los Angeles, but the apathy of the membership killed the society in two months. The membership included a select list of the best singers in the city, a group of persons one naturally would think interested in the matter of adding to their acquaintance of the best vocal works, most of which never come within the working range of singers unless by way of some such society.

The truth of the matter is that Los Angeles is not yet ripe for the study of art for its own sake. We are young. We are after the dollars and we like our social enagements better than we do music that doesn't pay dollars. There are about a hundred singers in the city who are capable of performing their parts in such works; but there are only ten in a hundred of such who will make the necessary sacrifice of time and pleasure to meet regularly for study, even of the best and most interesting choral works. But the city grows apace. Five years from now, when it has again doubled its population, it might be worth while to try it again and perhaps there may be by that time a sufficient number of capable singers who desire, not to stand still where there are, but to advance to greater knowledge of great works through practical experience.

In any such case, the project is one that must subsist on the absolute love for musical art. Ordinarily, the first thing a new society does is to give a concert; and the next thing is to give a concert (Da capo, con repetitione). In a society of this kind, concert giving is a secondary consideration. The knowledge and advancement of the individual comes first. This desire to display one's self and abilities in public is a thing that many teachers decry in their pupils, but it is hard to inculcate the idea that "music for music's sake" is the desirable end.

Now who can blame the pupils when their own teachers will not continue an organization (some would not even enter it), formed for the pursuit of higher knowledge and greater practical ability? Like teacher, like pupil.

The time will come when a man such as Chapman, Tomlins, or Damrosch will take up the baton here, and by his sheer energy and enthusiasm pound into our heads the fact of our apathy and become the Moses to lead us into better things. Let us hope the promised land in this matter is not forty years in the distance.

A SHARP.

The Emerson Piano

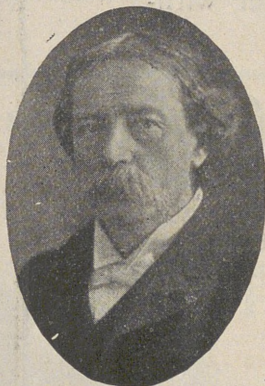
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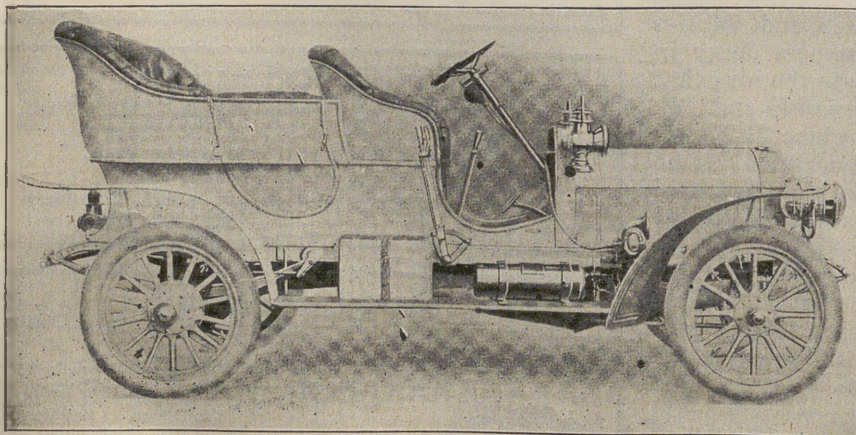
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Autos and Autoists

One not versed in Autoism could be pardoned for assuming that the San Francisco "Horror" is one that will put a crimp in the industry. Here, however, is where he would make a huge mistake, for the Auto of today has long ceased to be a vehicle that is used for pleasure only. The motor is now quite as necessary an adjunct to firms in active business, as stationery, stenographer and typewriter, so that with the resumption of normal conditions, factories can look for a heavy demand. Just how many cars were put out of commission during the fateful spell attending the quake is a question that no conservative agent would care to answer, but enough is known to warrant the statement that wires East have already been deluged with orders. The proposed local concern would, if running now with these conditions soon be a dividend payer, for aside from the fact that we were the first to relieve starving San Franciscans, for which the latter will no doubt in the future always feel a touch of grateful reciprocity, is the clinching argument that a day's correspondence from this city north, would be more apt to bring results than a yard or two of dispatches East. At this writing whether we have the Shriners or not, it is the sense of automobilists that the race meet scheduled for the occasion be called off, and steps to this end were favorably passed upon at the dealers' meeting on Monday night. A gilt-edged program had already been partially arranged, one glittering feature being the railroad spur giant steam engine smash-up, but now this can all be quoted as a pleasant dream.

Messrs. Ion L. Clark and Besselman experienced their share of good luck in their run north in their

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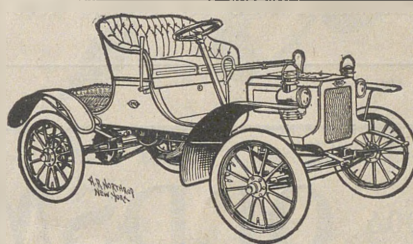
Cleveland, according to a wire received by friends today.

"It sure is an ill wind that blows no good to Los Angeles," said L. T. Shettler this week. "This trouble is San Francisco has been the means of enabling me to catch up on my orders and for the first time this year I have more cars in stock than I have orders on my books for. It came about through a shipment being diverted to me that had been consigned to J. W. Leavitt & Co., of that city. It contained fourteen cars and arrived at the same time that a shipment of the same number reached me. In addition to this I had just unloaded a shipment that had been delayed in transit and which contained twenty-one cars. This gave me in all a total of 49 cars since last Saturday."

Like many others, Mr. Shettler has been complaining of his inability to supply his trade and timely arrival of this unexpected shipment together with another that is now expected in a few days will enable him to keep ahead of the game for the next month or six weeks. At any rate he is wearing a broad smile at the prospect of having something else than echo in his show room.

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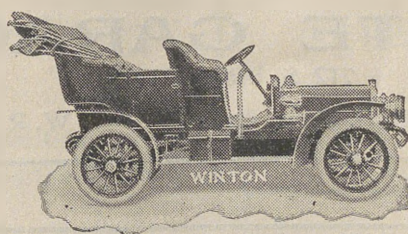
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In consequence of the recent disaster in San Francisco the endurance run which had been planned for June from Los Angeles to that city has been called off. Whether or not the San Francisco endurance run will come later is yet to be determined.

— — —

The garage at Seventh and Main will soon be taxed to its utmost capacity if the marked popularity of the "National" is a safe criterion. At the recent Indianapolis exhibit Charley Metz made a record in a spin of 1000 miles with the "National" four-cylinder that is apt to "hold for quite awhile." The San Francisco agent of the "National 55—but there, this speaks for itself: "General Nelson A. Miles and Colonel Albert Pope, with records (war) yes, indeed, were recently seen arm-in-arm dilating on the past, present and future use of the auto-

mobile, says a Washington dispatch, which calls to mind the recently hazardous feat of our own Capt. H. D. Ryus, who at a moment's notice grabbed up a couple of newspaper writers and dashed North to the seismic horror. Here is one of the latest fields in which the automobile has shown its usefulness, and in which it promises to crowd out the horse—the ambulance service of the United States army. For several years a group of army officers, headed by Capt. Clyde Ford, has been endeavoring to secure permission to adopt automobiles for the ambulances. Recently the necessary authority was given and motor ambulances, with a body built to United States army specifications, was turned over to Captain Ford by the White Company, the chassis being the same as that of the standard White touring car."

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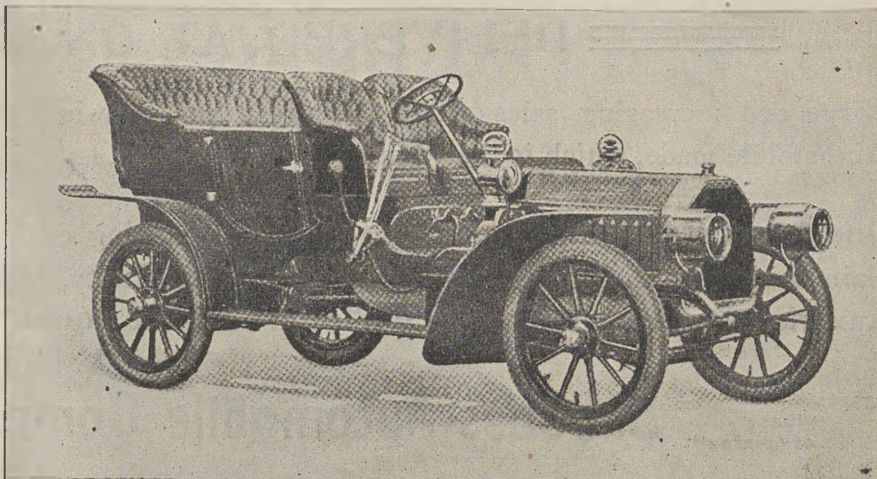
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ing purposes has been steadily growing so that almost every conceivable field has been or is being developed. The hunting car made its appearance some time ago, and this was followed by the armored car, and so on down the line. The latest car to be used for hunting, touring and camping purposes is that of Dr. Peter E Deehan of Columbus avenue, Boston, who is having his two-cylinder chassis fitted up for this special purpose. A special body is being constructed that will make a perfect home, having sleeping accommodations for four people, and carrying cooking utensils and food supplies for a week.

Luggage accommodations are arranged for on the roof, and swinging beneath the rear axle, entirely out of the way, is a most unique ice chest, capable of preserving all sorts of fish and game up to 200 pounds. The car is ten feet four inches over all, and the inclosed space where the sleeping apartments are arranged is six feet three inches, with a standing-room clearance of over five feet. By a unique device of piping, the interior of the car is heated when desired by the exhaust from the engine, making it comfortable in cold weather. The sleeping quarters are so arranged as to open in the daytime, giving a comfortable touring car or bus with seating accommodations for six besides the driver. Every inch of space is ingeniously utilized without in any manner detracting from the looks of the machine or overloading the engine, and the entire car is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity.

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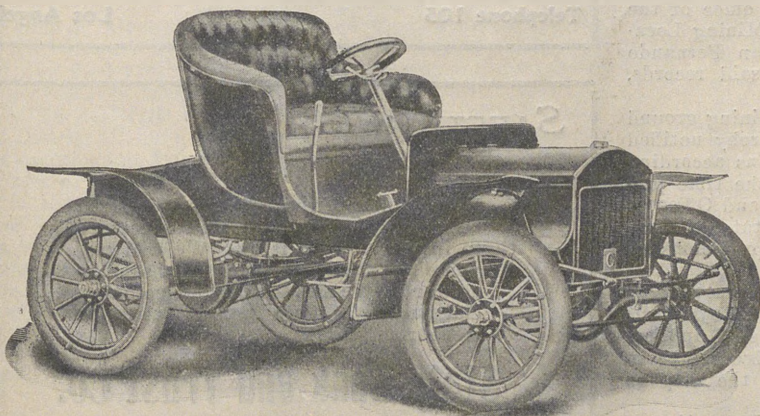
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No. 287.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 2nd, 1906.

Notice of Application for United States Patent.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved May 10th, 1872, William B. Wall, President and the only authorized agent to apply for U. S. Patent for THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY, a corporation, whose post office address is Santa Ana, California, the said THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY being the owner of the PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, has made application for patent for said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, said claim being a placer situated in the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District, County of Los Angeles, State of California, being the S. W. ¼ of S. E. ¼, of Section 18, T. 3 North, Range 15 West, S. B. M., according to the U. S. Government survey, containing forty (40) acres.

Said claim is bounded on the north and east by patented lands of John W. Saunders, on the south by patented lands of the Pacific Coast Oil Company and on the west by patented land of Martin Clint.

The notice of location of said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM is of record in the office of the Recorder of Los Angeles County, in Book 3 of Mining Locations, page 224, and in the records of the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District in Book "F" of said records, page 170, Los Angeles County, California.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground above described, or any portion thereof, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed as according to law and the regulations thereunder, within the time prescribed by law, with the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, they will be barred in virtue of the provisions of said statute.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

It is hereby ordered, that the foregoing notice of application for patent be published for nine consecutive weeks in the Graphic, a weekly newspaper published in the City of Los Angeles, State of California.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-9t

Financial

The Citizens National Bank has awarded the contract for finishing the interior of the banking room at Third and Main to B. V. Collins. The furniture contract goes to the Murray Fixture Co.

The Phoenix National Bank of Phoenix Arizona, has let contracts for improvements to their quarters. New vaults will be installed.

The Globe National Bank has been organized at Phoenix Arizona. Capital \$50,000. C. S. Van Wag enen, Jos. H. Hamill and A. G. Smith are directors.

Arthur W. Savage of Duarte, the founder of the Savage Arms Company of Utica, N. Y., who has recently made his home in California, has become a director in the American National Bank of Monrovia. Another new director is Dr. F. M. Pattenger of Monrovia.

A new bank is to be launched at Venice. Among the prospective stockholders are H. E. Lavayea, Mrs. George Sibley and Messrs. Morse and Lloyd of Illinois. The capital will be \$50,000.

The Covina National Bank of Covina has opened. Directors are J. B. Coulson, president; Dr. J. D. Reed, Charles Nocali, J. O. Houser, J. H. Coolman and others.

Dr. Ernest Angerman has returned to Berlin and from there will supervise the organization of company for the colonizing of Sinaloa. One hundred families are now on their way from the old country. A large number of bankers and financial men of Los Angeles are interested in the scheme, and a bank with a capital of \$1,500,000 is to be established at once so as to operate through small subsidiary banks over the territory extending from Salinas Cruz to Guaymas.

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State Bank and Trust Co.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00

The town board of Artesia has passed an ordinance authorizing a \$50,000 issue for water works purposes.

Los Angeles's bond election to authorize bonds for sewers, fire department, bridges and other improvements is set for May 17.

Dillon & Hubbard have approved the \$150,000 school bond issue of the Pasadena board of education. These bonds were sold for a trifle over \$3,000 premium to Thomas J. Hook.

Cienega school district votes May 4 on an issue of \$16,000 school bonds.

The Bell school district, Santa Barbara county, votes May 15 on an issue of \$6,500 school bonds.

Anaheim voters have declared to vote bonds for erecting a municipal gas plant. The extensions to the water works and city electric plant will be made, bonds having been authorized.

San Bernardino votes May 19 on an issue of \$600,000 bonds for street and bridge work.

The Home Gas & Lighting Co., of San Bernardino, has decided to issue \$40,000 bonds for improvements.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., April 16th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Thomas C. Edie, of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the N. ½ of S. W. ¼ and S. ½ of N. W. ¼ of Section No. 21, in Township No. 3 N., Range No. 16 W., S. B. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 28th day of June, 1906.

He names as witnesses:

A. N. Hamilton, W. A. Brophy, DeWitt Harrison, D. F. Wilson, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 28th day of June, 1906.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

Date of First Publication, April 21, 1906.
Apr 21—9t

Mining Application No. 288.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., April 18th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Fred C. Fenner and M. M. Curran, whose Post Office address is Los Angeles, Cal., have this day filed their application for a patent for forty acres of gold placer mining ground, known as the "EMPIRE PLACER MINING CLAIM", situated in no organized Mining District, County of Los Angeles and State of California, and described as follows: The N. E. ¼ of N. W. ¼ of S. W. ¼; the S. E. ¼ of N. W. ¼ of S. W. ¼; the S. W. ¼ of N. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼; and the N. W. ¼ of N. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼ of Section 21, T. 4 N., R. 9 W., S. B. M. The location of this mine is recorded in the Recorder's office of Los Angeles County, California, in Book 26, page 195, of Mining Locations. Any and all persons claiming adversely any portion of said claim are required to file their adverse claims with the Register of the United States Land Office, during the sixty days period of publication hereof, or they will be barred by virtue of the provisions of the statute.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

Date of First Publication, April 21, 1906.
Apr. 21—9t



UNION TRUST BUILDING

Southern California Savings Bank

The Oldest Savings Bank
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Established January 3, 1885

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DEPOSITORS

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3% on Ordinary Savings Deposits

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and Spring Sts.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, April 6th, 1906

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$9,468,966.79
Overdrafts	41,790.89
U. S. Bonds	1,594,020.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	57,331.74
Bonds	1,028,770.90
Due from U. S.	
Treasurer	62,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures	44,972.41
Cash on Hand	
(Special Deposit)	70,000.00
Cash	\$2,871,842.09
Due from other Banks	
	8,895,097.21
	6,766,939.30
	\$19,135,292.12

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$1,250,000.00
Surplus	250,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,142,764.79
Circulation	1,242,750.00
Special Deposit	
City Treasurer	70,000.00
Deposits	15,179,777.83
	\$19,135,292.12

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

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Get acquainted with Jevne's bakery offerings today. You'll find that they meet every demand of goodness and wholesomeness, and save you the time, worry, labor and a goodly part of the expense of home baking.

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